



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

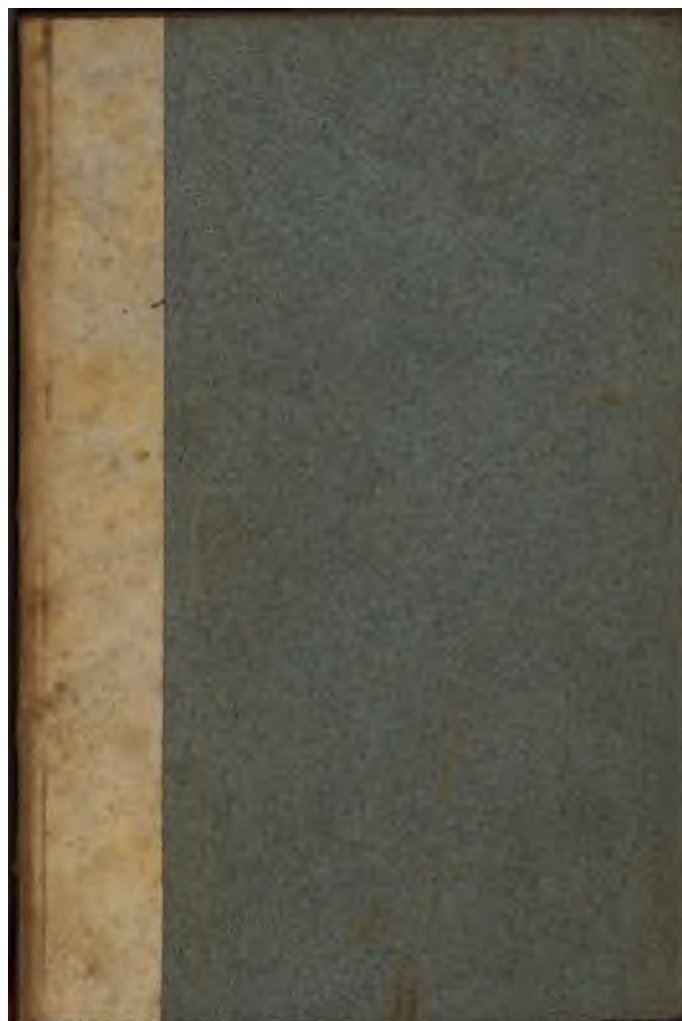
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

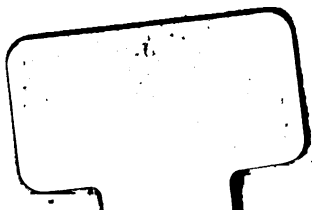
About Google Book Search

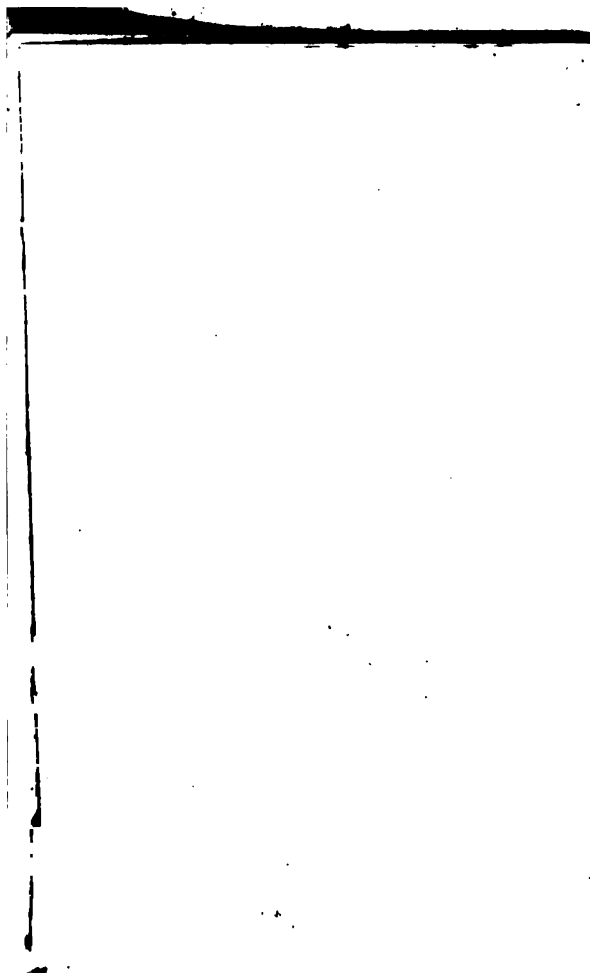
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

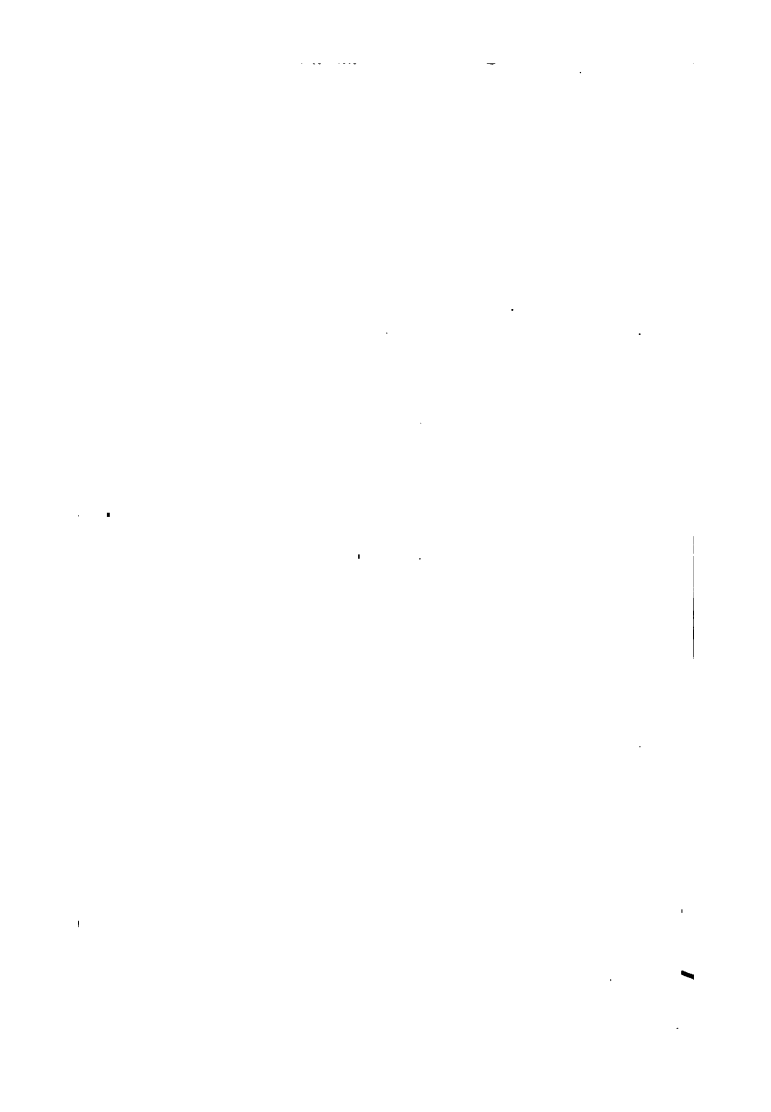




600096677+







CHURCH MILITANT HYMNS

TO BE USED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO ANY OTHER

Church Hymn Book.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on Eternal Life."

EDITED BY

GERARD M. MASON, B.A.,

Curate of Buckland-in-Dover.

DOVER :

C. GOULDEN, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,

176, SNARGATE STREET.

1883.

N

CHURCH MILITANT HYMNS

TO BE USED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO ANY OTHER

Church Hymn Book.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on Eternal Life."

EDITED BY

GERARD M. MASON, B.A.,

Curate of Buckland-in-Dover.

DOVER :

C. GOULDEN, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
176, SNARGATE STREET.

1883.

Preface.

THIS Hymn Book is not intended to take the place of any hymn books already in existence, but to supplement them as can easily be seen, by many of the most popular hymns having been omitted. The one wish of the Compiler has been to gather together a few of the hymns not usually found in collections, that they may help more generally to spread the glad tidings, and tell of the "Old, old story of Jesus and His Love." There will be found hymns for the joyful ; hymns for the sad ; and may Jesus grant that many an aching heart may find comfort and consolation in the use of them.

It only remains to record the ready permission granted to use the various Authors' words. Thanks are due to :—

Rev. S. Baring-Gould, 121, 123, 130.

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, 5, 104, 106.

PREFACE.

Rev. George Body, 72, 99.

Miss Borthwick, 6, from "Hymns from the Land of Luther." 46, from "Thoughtful Hours." T. Nelson and Sons.

Mrs. Charles, 47.

Rev. J. Ellerton, 22.

G. Grove, Esq., 25.

Miss Hankey, 91.

Miss Havergal, 24, 32, 87, 111, 112, by the late Miss F. R. Havergal.

Messrs. Hayes, 21, 45, 117, 131 by Dr. Neale.

Rev. G. S. Hodges, 52.

Rev. E. Husband, 7, 15, 51, 54, 65, 114, 132.

Father Ignatius, 35, 56, 58.

Bishop Jenner, 124.

Mrs. Monsell, 42, 116, by late Dr. Monsell.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott, 55, 59, 60, 61, 73, 75, 76, 88, 89, 93, 95, 97, 98 from "Sacred Songs and Solos."

Rev. Gerard Moultrie, 19, 118, 122, 126, 127, 129, 139.

Messrs. Nesbit, and Co., 12, 13, 14, 20, 28, 67, 71, 74, 77, 78, 119, by Dr. H. Bonar.

Mrs. Pennefather, 113.

PREFACE.

Rev. T. B. Pollock, 137.

**C. Powell, Esq., 122 (C.E.W.M's. processional by
Rev. G. Moultrie).**

Rev. J. Raymond, 18.

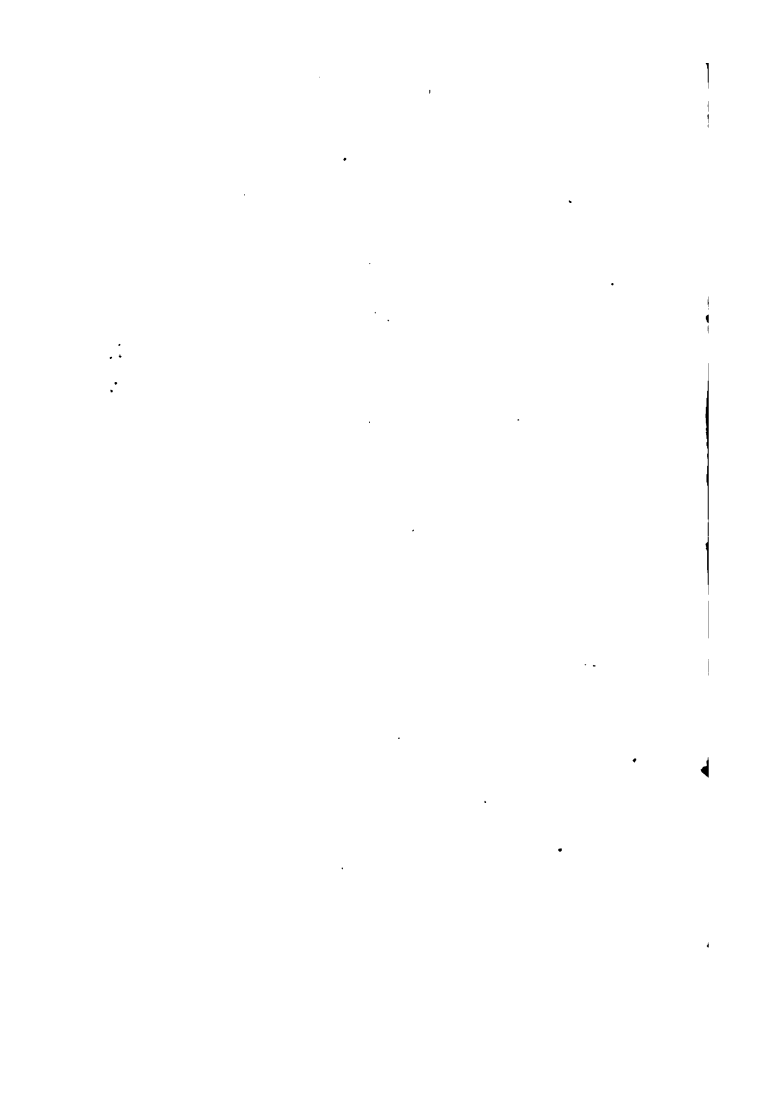
A. Richardson, Esq., 82, by Miss Armstrong.

**Messrs. Thos. Richardson and Son, 10, 26, 30, 34,
43, 57, 68, 80, 81, 84, 90, 96, 100, by Dr. Faber.**

Rev. J. Walker, 70, by Mrs. Walker.

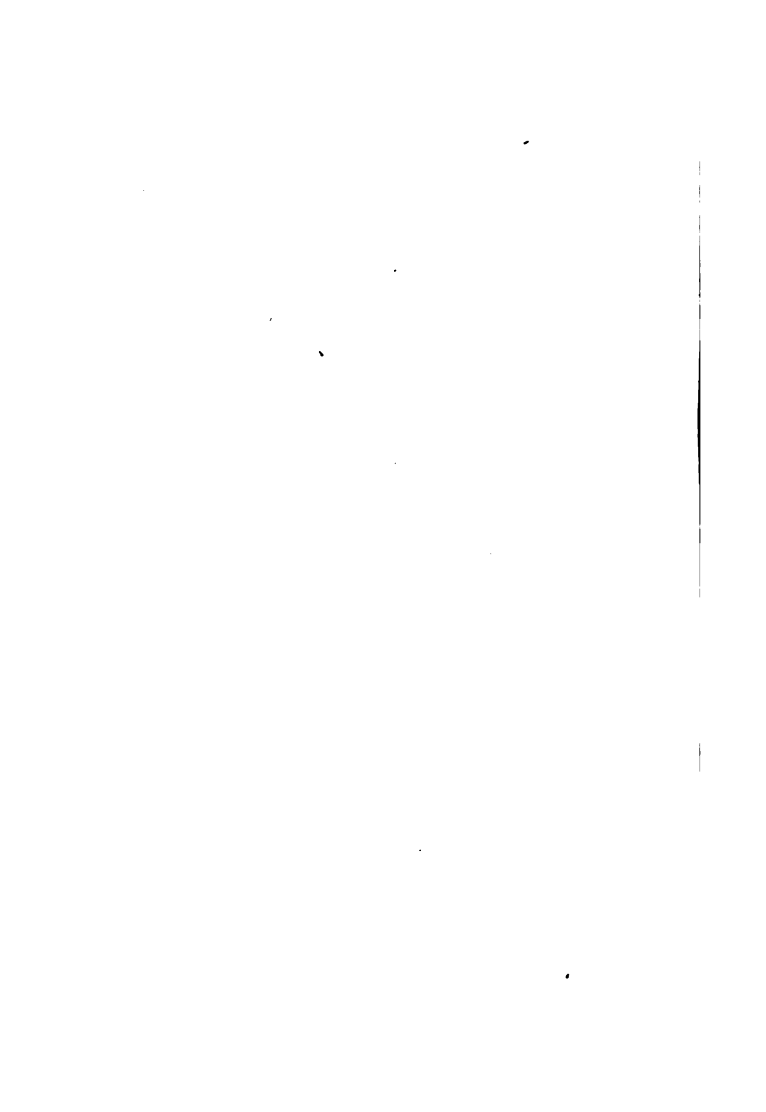
Rev. Dr. Whittemore, 109.

The Compiler has spared no trouble in endeavouring to ascertain the Authors of the words, if he has in any way infringed copyright he humbly apologises.



Contents.

	HYMNS.
Morning	1
Evening	2—5
Advent	6
Christmas	7
Lent	8—11
On the Passion	12—18
Easter	19—22
Ascensiontide	23—25
Whitsuntide	26
General Hymns	27—50
Mission Hymns	51—98
Holy Communion	99—106
For the Young	107—110
Confirmation	111
Lay Helpers	112—115
Almsgiving	116
For those at Sea	117
Harvest	118
Processional	119—127
Recessional	128
Burial of the Dead	129—133
Saints' Days	134, 135
Litanies	136—138
Christmas Carol	139



H Y M N S.

Morning.

1. "The hour of prayer."—ACTS iii, 1.

8s 4s.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1 *mf* MY GOD, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
p The hour of prayer ?

2 *mf* Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renew'd ;
p Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
mf With hopes of Heaven.

5 No words can tell what blest relief,
There for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief ;
What peace of mind.

- 6 Hush'd is each doubt ; gone every fear,
 My spirit seems in Heaven to stay ;
p And even the penitential tear
 Is wiped away.
- 7 *mf* Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
 No privilege so dear shall be,
 As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to Thee. Amen.

Evening.

2. "*I will arise and go to my Father.*"—S. LUKE XV, 18.

10s.

WHITMORE

- 1 *p* FATHER, again in Jesus' Name we meet,
 And bow in penitence beneath Thy Feet ;
 Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
 To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.
- 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
 And all Thy work from day to day declare :
 Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd ?
 Does not Thine Arm encircle us around ?
- 3 Alas ! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
 Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove ;
 But now, encouraged by Thy Voice, we come,
 Returning sinners to a Father's Home.
- 4 O by that Name in Whom all fulness dwells,
 O by that Love which every love excels,
pp O by that Blood so freely shed for sin,
cr Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

Amen.

3. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxlvii, 2.

10. 7s.

ANSTICK.

- 1 *mf* FATHER, by Thy love and power,
 Comes again the evening hour :
 Light has vanish'd, labours cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace ;
 Thou, whose genial dews distil
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
 Father, guard our couch from ill,
 Grant Thy children sweet repose :
 We to Thee ourselves resign,
 Let our latest thoughts be Thine.
- 2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
 This our feeble evening prayer :
 Thou hast seen how oft to-day
 We like sheep have gone astray ;
 Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
 Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
 Secret faults and undescried
 Meet Thy spirit-piercing view ;
 Blessèd Saviour, yet through Thee
 Pray that we may pardon'd be.
- 3 *p* Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
 Fall on us in evening's calm ;
 Yet awhile, before we sleep,
 We with Thee will vigils keep.
 Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Give us truest penitence ;
 Then the love of God infuse,
 Breathing humble confidence ;
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

- 4 *mf* Blessèd Trinity, be near
 Through the hours of darkness drear ;
 Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
 Thou, O God, most present art.
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Watch o'er our defenceless head ;
 Let Thy angels' guardian host
 Keep all evil from our bed ;
f Till the flood of morning rays,
 Wake us to a song of praise. Amen.

4. "*Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*"
 —ROM. xiii, 11.

P.M.

CAREY.

- 1 *p* ONE sweetly solemn thought ;
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
 I am nearer my home to-day
 Than I ever have been before.
- 2 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea,
cres Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be.
- 3 *p* Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down ;
 Nearer leaving the cross,
mf Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 *p* But lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,
dim Is the deep and unknown stream
pp To be cross'd ere we reach the light.

5 *mf* Jesu, perfect my trust,
 Strengthen the hand of my faith :
 Let me feel Thee near when I stand
 On the edge of the shore of death.

6 Feel Thee near when my feet
 Are slipping over the brink ;
b For it may be I'm nearer home,
 Nearer now than I think. Amen.

5. "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.*"—ISAIAH xxvi, 8.

10s.

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

1 *b* PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world
 of sin :

The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
 press'd :

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
 round :

On Jesus' Bosom nought but calm is found.

4 *bp* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
 away :

In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 *p* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown :
 Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.

6 *pp* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us
 and ours :

c Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its
 powers.

- 7 *p* It is enough : *cres* earth's struggles soon shall
cease,
dim And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.
Amen.

Aduant.

6. "*At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.*"—S. MATT. xxv, 5.

7s. 6s.

H.L.L.

- 1 *mf* **R**EJOICE, ye believers,
And let your lights appear ;
The evening is advancing
The darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh :
f Up, pray and watch and wrestle :
At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 *mf* See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near :
Go meet him, as He cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.
- 3 *mf* Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
They meet the Angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand ,
ff Up, up ! ye heirs of glory ;
dim The Bridegroom is at hand.

- 4 *mf* Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesu, now appear :
 Arise, thou Sun, so long'd for,
 O'er this benighted sphere :
cres With hearts and hands uplifted
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of our redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee. Amen.

Christmas.

7: "*Fear not for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.*"—ST. LUKE ii, 10.

P.M.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

- 1 *mf* **O**VER the beautiful Bethlehem hills,
 The angels of Jesus sang,
 And the world for the first time kept Christ-
 mas tide,
 And first o'er the starlit mountain side,
 The sound of a Noel rang.
- 2 Shepherds ! awhile leave off watching your
 sheep,
 To Bethlehem city go,
 That your eyes may behold the wondrous
 sight,
 Of the Babe who has brought Salvation's light,
 And solace for earth's deep woe.
- 3 Angels ! return to your Heavenly Home,
 And sing a sweet Noel there,
 And tell to the Blessed Ones circling the
 Throne,
- p* For the pardon of sin the Babe all alone
 Seeks a world of pain and care.

- 4 *f* Jesu ! we bless Thee for Christmas now,
 For the Noel we can sing ;
 That we, too, may worship the Babe so fair,
 And lay at His footstool our wants and care,
 And our heart's truest worship bring.
- 5 Jesu ! we thank Thee, that old, old song
 Which the Angels told the earth,
 Of "peace to the world, goodwill towards
 men,"
 Is as true to us now, as to shepherds then,
 And we welcome Our Saviour's birth. Amen.

Kent.

8. "*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.*"
 S. MATT. xi, 28.

7s.6s.

DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *mf* I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursèd load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimsons stains
 White in His Blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus—
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 *p* I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine ;
mf His Right Hand me embraces,
 I on His Breast recline.
 I love the Name of Jesus—
 Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His Name abroad is poured.
- 4 *cres* I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ,
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy Child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng ;
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the Angels' song. Amen.

9. " *I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*"—
 S. LUKE xxii, 32.

6s. 5s.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 *p* **I**N the hour of trial,
 Jesu, pray for me ;
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee :
 When Thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm,

- dim* Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
pp Cross-crown'd Calvary.
- 3 *p* If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice :
Then, upon Thine Altar
Freely offer'd up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While Heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
cres On Thy truth relying
mf Through that mortal strife,
p Lord, receive me dying
cres To eternal life. Amen.

JO. "Then shall they fast in those days."—S. LUKE v, 35.

P.M.

DR. FABER.

- 1 **N**OW are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare;
And mercy most delights to spare.
O hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear ;
Yet, Father, in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear.

- 2 O happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
O hearken, &c.
- 3 We, who have loved the world, must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn,
cres And with the love of God to burn.
O hearken, &c.
- 4 *p* Vile creatures of such little worth,
Than we, O, there are none on earth
More fallen from their Christian birth.
O hearken, &c.
- 5 Full long in sin's dark ways we went ;
cres Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,
mf And grace all plentiful is sent.
O hearken, &c.
- 6 All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's face.
O hearken, &c.
Amen.
11. " *If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.*"
—1 S. JOHN ii, 1.
8s. 6s. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.
- 1 *mf* O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving lov'st them to the end ;
On this alone my hopes depend,
p That Thou wilt plead for me.

- 2 *mf* When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
p Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 *mf* When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
p Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 *mf* When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying Arms enfold,
p And plead, O plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
cres Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me.
- 6 *f* When the full light of heavenly day
dim Reveals my sins in dread array,
cres Say Thou hast wash'd them all away ;
O say Thou plead'st for me. Amen.

Hymns on the Passion.

12. "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."—GAL. ii. 20.
8.8.7. D. DR. BONAR.

- 1 *p* **B**Y the Cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace !
cres Health from yonder Tree is flowing !
dim Heavenly light is on It glowing,
p From the Blesséd Sufferer's Face.

- 2 *mf* Here the holy, happy greeting,
 Here the calm and joyful meeting,
 God with man in glad accord.
 Love that Cross to us is telling,
 Darkness, doubt, and fear dispelling,
 Love in Jesus Christ our Lord.
- 3 Here is pardon's pledge and token,
 Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
 Righteous peace securely made.
cres Brightens now the brow once shaded,
 Freshens now the face once faded;
f Peace with God now makes us glad.
- 4 All the love of God is yonder,
 Love above all thought and wonder,
 Perfect love that casts out fear.
 Strength like dew is here distilling,
 Glorious life our souls is filling,
 Life eternal, only here.
- 5 Here the living water wellet, h
 Here the Rock, now smitten, telleth
 Of salvation freely given.
 This the fount of love and pity,
 This the pathway to the city,
 This the very gate of Heaven.

13.

"Abide in Him."—I S. JOHN ii, 28.

12.6s.

DR. H. BONAR.

1 *p*

CLING to the Crucified !
 His death is life to thee,
 Life for eternity.
 His pains thy pardon seal ;

His stripes thy bruises heal ;
 His Cross proclaims thy peace,
 Bids every sorrow cease.
 His Blood is all to thee ;
 It purges thee from sin,
 It sets thy spirit free,
 It keeps thy conscience clean :
 Cling to the Crucified !

2

Cling to the Crucified !
 His is a Heart of love,
 Full as the hearts above :
 Its depths of sympathy
 Are all awake for thee :
 His Countenance is light
 E'en in the darkest night.
 That love shall ne'er depart ;
 That light grow never dim :
 Charge thou thy faithless heart
 To find its all in Him.
 Cling to the Crucified ! Amen.

14.

"Father forgive them."—S. LUKE xxiii, 34.

C.M.

DR. H. BONAR.

1 *mf*

I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
 I mark their wrathful mien ;
 Their shouts of " Crucify " appal,
 With blasphemy between.

2 *p*

And of that shouting multitude
 I feel that I am one :
 And in that din of voices rude
 I recognise my own.

- 3 *mf* I see the scourges tear His Back,
I see the piercing crown ;
p And of that crowd who smite and mock,
I feel that I am one.
- 4 Around yon Cross the throng I see,
Mocking the Sufferer's groan ;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.
- 5 *pp* 'Twas I that shed the sacred Blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.
- 6 *cres* Yet not the less that Blood avails
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the less that Cross prevails
f To give me peace within. Amen.

15. "*The precious Blood of Christ.*"—I ST. PETER i, 19.
8s. REV. E. HUSBAND

REV. E. HUSBAND

- 1 *mf* SWEET Blood ! dear Ransom of our souls ;
 Our Life on earth ; our Peace above ;
 Of all Inventions Heav'nliest,
 And passionate with boundless love.
 We know Thee as that Sacred Thing,
 Which Mary bore within of old,
 Throbbing with love of countless souls,
 The Bearer of a Peace untold.
- 2 *p* O Precious Blood ! Gethsemane's
 Lone Olive trees were stained by Thee,
 And Calvary's rough Mountain-top
 Seem'd bath'd in Thy deep crimson Sea !

But Jesu ! rougher, lonelier far,
 Than rugged rock, or garden glade,
 Are loveless hearts, for whom Thy Blood,
 A way of peace and pardon made.

3 *f* But Oh, Thou art so grand, Sweet Blood !
 So pure,—so perfect in each Part,
 That our poor hearts can hardly dare
 To trespass, Jesu, where Thou art.
 And yet we know that One Red Drop,
 From out those Sacred Veins of Thine,
 Can make the vilest heart of sin,
 With God-like purity to shine !

4 *mf* Most Precious Blood ! ensnare our souls !
 For softly dost Thou bid us come
 To that dear Life of many loves,
 Where sinners find a restful Home.

f All praise to God the Father be :
 And Holy Spirit, Source of Good :

ff All praise to Jesus, Crucified,
 Who hath redeemed us with His Blood.

Amen.

16. "*One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side.*"—
 ST. JOHN xix, 34.

8.6.8.4.

BRIDGE3.

1 *mf* **T**HERE is an everlasting Home,
 Where contrite souls may hide :
 Where death and danger dare not come,—
p The Saviour's side !

- 2 *mf* Hail, Rock of Ages ! pierced for me,
 The grave of all my pride ;
 Hope, peace, and Heaven, are all in Thee,
 p Thy sheltering side !
- 3 There issued forth a double Flood,
 The sin-atonement tide,—
 In streams of water and of Blood
 From that Dear Side !
- 4 *mf* There is the only Fount of Bliss,
 cres In joy and sorrow tried—
 No refuge for the heart like this,—
 p A Saviour's side !
- 5 *mf* Thither the Church through all her days
 Points as a faithful guide,
 And celebrates with ceaseless praise
 p That spear-pierced Side ! Amen.

17. *"Looking unto Jesus."*—HEBREW xii. 2.

P.M.

WESLEY.

- 1 *mf* **W**EARY souls, that wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus Crucified,
 Fly to those dear Wounds of His !
 Sink into the purple Flood :
 Rise into the life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown :
 By His Pain He gives you ease,
 Life by His expiring groan :
 Rise, exalted by His fall ;
 Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
 God to you His Son hath given !
 Ye may now be happy too ;
 Find on earth the life of heaven
 Live the life of Heaven above ,
 All the life of glorious love.

4 *f* This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul designed ;
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind :
cres Blest in Christ this moment be ;
ff Blest to all eternity ! Amen.

18. "*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*"—Ps. xxx. 5.

7. 7. 7.

RAYMOND.

1 *p* **W**EEPING, as they go their way
 Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
 Late at even,—who are they ?

2 These are they who watched to see
 Where He hung in agony,
 Dying on the accursed Tree.

3 All is over,—in the tomb
 Sleeps He, as in death's dark womb,
 Till the dawn of Easter come.

4 All is over,—fought the fight ;
 Heaviness is for the night,
 Joy comes with the morning light.

5 Leave we in the grave with Him,
 Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
 If our souls would rise with Him.

- 6 *mf* Glory to the Lord, who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.

Easter.

19. "*Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"—
REV. XIX. 6.

8s. 7s. D.

REV. G. MOULTRIE.

- 1 *f* ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
A Floating o'er the crystal sea,
Comes a voice like many waters,
Rising up, O Christ, to Thee.
cres Alleluia! Lord Almighty!
ff Thou hast bought us with Thy Blood,
dim By Thy ransom price of Passion,
We approach Thee, Christ our God.
- 2 *mf* Alleluia! Alleluia!
From the sons of Adam rise,
Sounds of Resurrection triumph,
Upward to the Easter skies.
f Alleluia! well beloved!
We receive Thee, Jesu Christ;
ff Earth's ten thousand voices thunder
One united Eucharist.
- 3 *mf* Alleluia! Alleluia!
Welcome Child of Mary's womb,
Thou hast triumphed, God Incarnate,
O'er the dungeon of the tomb.
f uni. Alleluia! Hell's battalions,
In the light of Easter morn,
Know their brazen portals broken,
By our Prince, the Virgin born.

4 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Thou hast bound captivity,
 At Thy chariot wheels of Glory,
 Death is captive led by Thee.
har Alleluia ! we salute Thee,
 Thralls of Death, Thou Lord of Life ;
 Breaker of the ancient bondage,
 Victor in the deadly strife.

5 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Lamb of God, enthroned Priest,
 Christ our Passover is offered,
 Therefore, let us keep the feast.
cres Alleluia ! Christ is risen,
 Earth and Heaven together sing,
f Alleluia ! *ff* Alleluia !
 Alleluia ! Christ our King. Amen.

20. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins."—I ST.
 PETER iii, 18.

7s.

DR. H. BONAR.

1 *f* CHRIST has done the mighty work !
mf Nothing left for us to do,
ff But to enter on His toil,
 Enter on His triumph too.
 2 *p* He has sowed the precious seed,
 , Nothing left for us unsown ;
f Ours it is to reap the fields,
 Make the harvest joy our own.
 3 *f* His the pardon ; *p* ours the sin,
 Great the sin ; *f* the pardon great ;
f His the good, *p* and ours the ill,
f His the love, *p* and ours the hate.

- 4 *p* Ours the darkness and the gloom,
f His the shade-dispelling light ;
p Ours the cloud, *f* and His the sun,
His the dayspring ; *p* ours the night.
- 5 *p* His the labour ; *f* ours the rest ;
p His the death ; *f* and ours the life ;
f Ours the fruits of victory,
p His the agony and strife. Amen.

21. "Sing unto the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously".—
EXODUS xv. 1.

P.M.

DR. NEALE.

- 1 *f* THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea,
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.
- 2 *unif* Lift up, lift up your voices now !
The whole wide world rejoices now !
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously !
The Lord shall reign victoriously !
- 3 *har. mf* Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth !
f Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth !
- 4 *mf* Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison.
f Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered,
Christ hath risen !

- 5 *p* No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead ;
cres For Death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.
- 6 Now once more
Eden's door
Opened stands to mortal eyes ;
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise !
- 7 Now at last,
Old things past
Hope, and joy, and peace begin :
f For Christ hath won, and man shall win !
- 8 *mf* It is not exile, rest on high ;
It is not sadness, peace from strife,
To fall asleep is not to die :
To dwell with Christ is better life.
- 9 Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go :
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe.
- 10 His Right Arm is o'er us,
He our Guide will be :
Christ hath gone before us,
Christians, follow ye ! Amen.

22. "*I have the keys of hell and of death.*"—REV i, 18.

11a.

TRANS. REV. J. ELLERTON.

- 1 *f* "WELCOME, happy morning," age to
age shall say :
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, Heaven is won to-
day.

Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore !
Him their true Creator all His works adore.

“ Welcome, happy morning,” age to age shall
say.

- 2 *mf* Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for
spring,
All good gifts return'd with her returning
King ;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every
bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph
now,
“ Welcome, happy morning, &c.”

- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening
light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in
their flight ;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and
sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to
Thee.
“ Welcome, happy morning, &c.”

- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's
fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
“ Welcome, happy morning, &c.”

- 5 *f* Thou, of life the Author, *p* death didst under-
go,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to
show ;
cres Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy
Word ;
'Tis thine own third morning ; rise, my buried
Lord !
“ Welcome, happy morning, &c.”
- 6 Loose the hearts long prison'd, bound with
Satan's chain ;
All that now is fallen raise to life again ;
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations
see ;
Bring again our daylight : day returns with
Thee.
“ Welcome, happy morning,” age to age
shall say. Amen.

Ascensiontide.

23. “ *By His own Blood He entered once into the Holy place.*”
—HEBREW ix, 12.

S's.

WESLEY.

- 1 *mf* ENTER'D the Holy Place above,
Cover'd with meritorious scars,
The tokens of His Dying Love
Our Great High Priest in glory bears ;
p He pleads His Passion on the Tree.
He shows Himself to God for me.

2 *mf* Before the Throne my Saviour stands,
 My Friend and Advocate appears ;
 My name is graven on His Hands,
 And Him the Father always hears ;
p While low at Jesu's Cross I bow,
 He hears the Blood of Sprinkling now.

3 *mf* This instant now I may receive
 The answer of His powerful prayer :
 This instant now by Him I live,
 His prevalence with God declare ;
cres And soon my spirit, in His Hands,
 Shall be where my Forerunner stands.

Amen.

24. "He ascended up on high."—EPH' S. iv, 8.

6.5.6.5. D.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

1 *f* GOLDEN harps are sounding,
 G Angel voices ring,
 Pearly gates are opened—
 Opened for the King ;
cres Christ, the King of Glory,
 Jesus, King of Love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His Throne above.
ff All His work is ended
 Joyfully we sing,
 Jesus hath ascended !
 Glory to our King.

2 *p* He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
f Now is crowned with glory,
 At His Father's side.

Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die ;
 Jesus, King of Glory.
 Is gone up on high.

ff All His work is ended, &c.

3 *p* Praying for His children,
 In that Blessed Place ;
 Calling them to Glory,
 Sending them His grace ;
cres His bright Home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you ;

f Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.

ff All His work is ended, &c.

25. "*He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.*"—ACTS i, 9.

7s. D.

REV. A. P. STANLEY, D.D.

1 *mf* **H**E is gone. A cloud of light
 Has received Him from our sight ;
 High in Heaven, where eye of men
 Follows not, nor Angel's ken
 Through the veils of time and space,
 Pass'd into the Holiest Place ;
ff All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

2 *mf* He is gone. *p* And we remain
 In this world of sin and pain ;
 In the void which He has left
 On this earth, of Him bereft,

- cres* We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue ;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.
- 3 *mf* He is gone. We heard Him say,
" Good that I should go away."
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace ;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be :
No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers,
- 4 He is gone. Towards the gaol
World and Church must onward rol :
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forward are our glances cast :
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change :
Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.
- 5 He is gone. But we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the Heaven of Heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare :
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

- 4 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Thou hast bound captivity,
 At Thy chariot wheels of Glory,
 Death is captive led by Thee.
har Alleluia ! we salute Thee,
 Thralls of Death, Thou Lord of Life ;
 Breaker of the ancient bondage,
 Victor in the deadly strife.
- 5 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Lamb of God, enthroned Priest,
 Christ our Passover is offered,
 Therefore, let us keep the feast.
cre Alleluia ! Christ is risen,
 Earth and Heaven together sing,
f Alleluia ! *ff* Alleluia !
 Alleluia ! Christ our King. Amen.

20. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins."—I ST.
 PETER iii, 18.

7s.

DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *f* CHRIST has done the mighty work !
C Nothing left for us to do,
mf But to enter on His toil,
ff Enter on His triumph too.
- 2 *p* He has sowed the precious seed,
 , Nothing left for us unsown ;
f Ours it is to reap the fields,
 Make the harvest joy our own.
- 3 *f* His the pardon ; *p* ours the sin,
 Great the sin ; *f* the pardon great ;
f His the good, *p* and ours the ill,
f His the love, *p* and ours the hate.

- 6 *f* He is gone. But not in vain,
 Wait until He comes again ;
cres He is risen, He is not here,
 Far above this earthly sphere ;
 Evermore in heart and mind
 Where our peace in Him we find,
f To our own Eternal Friend,
dim Thitherward let us ascend.

Whitsuntide.

26. "*The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.*"—ST. JOHN
 xiv, 26.
 P.M. DR. FABER.

- 1 *p* **H**OLY GHOST! come down upon Thy
 children,
 Give us grace and make us Thine ;
 Thy tender fires within us kindle,
 Blessed Spirit ! Dove Divine !
- 2 For all within us, good and holy,
 Is from Thee, Thy precious gift ;
 In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
 Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.
 Holy Ghost ! &c.
- 3 For Thou to us art more than father,
 More than sister, in Thy love,
 So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
 Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove !
 Holy Ghost ! &c.

- 4 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit !
 Wayward, wanton, cold are we ;
 And still our sins, new every morning,
cres Never yet have wearied Thee.
 Holy Ghost ! &c.
- 5 *mf* Dear Paraclete ! how hast Thou waited
 While our hearts were slowly turned ?
 How often hath Thy love been slighted,
 While for us it grieved and burned !
 Holy Ghost ! &c.
- 6 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
 We would take Thee for our Lord ;
 O dearest Spirit ! make us faithful
 To Thy least and lightest word.
 Holy Ghost ! &c.
- 7 *cres* Ah, sweet Consoler ! though we cannot
 Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
dim Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
 They will not be always thus.
 Holy Ghost ! &c.
- 8 *p* With hearts so vile, how dare we venture,
 Holy Ghost, to love Thee so ?
 And how canst Thou, with such compassion,
 Bear so long with things so low ?
 Holy Ghost ! &c. Amen.

General Hymns.

27. "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.*"—ISAIAH xxvi, 3.
C.M.

- 1 *mf* **A** MIND at "perfect peace with God ;"
Oh, what a word is this !
A sinner reconciled through Blood—
p This, this indeed is peace.
- 2 By nature and by practice far—
How very far !—from God ;
cres Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
mf Through faith in Jesu's Blood.
- 3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be ;
For in the Person of His Son
I am as near as He.
- 4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be ;
The love wherewith He loves the Son—
Such is His Love for me.
- 5 Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine ?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me, "Mine is thine." Amen.

28. "*Behold, we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God.*"—JEREMIAH iii, 22,
C.M. DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *p* **A** LL that I was, my sin. my guilt,
My death was all my own ;
mf All that I am, I owe to Thee.
My gracious God alone.

- 2 *p* The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
mf The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 *p* The darkness of my former state,
The bondage all was mine ;
mf The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.
- 4 *cres* Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe ;
f Then, in believing, peace I found,
ff And now I live, I live.
- 5 *mf* All that I am, even here on earth,
cres All that I hope to be,
f When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
dim I owe it, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

28. "So run that ye may obtain."—1 COR. ix, 24.

5s.6565.

J. STAMMERS.

- 1 *mf* **B**REAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest ;
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour ;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er Thee ;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before Thee ;

He who hath promised
Faltereth never ;
The love of thy Saviour
Flows on for ever.

- 3 *p* Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
f Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever :
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever ! Amen.

30. "One Lord, one faith."—EPHESIANS iv, 5.

8s.

DR. FABER.

- 1 *f* FAITH of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
O, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word !
cres Faith of our fathers, Holy Faith,
ff We will be true to Thee till death.
- 2 *f* Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free ;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them could die for Thee !
cres Faith of our fathers, &c.
- 3 *mf* Faith of our fathers ! Faith and prayer
Shall win our country back to Thee !
And through the truth that comes from God,
O, then indeed we shall be free.
cres Faith of our fathers, &c.

4 *f* Faith of our fathers, we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,
 And preach Thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.

cres ff Faith of our fathers, &c. Amen.

31. "Pray without ceasing."—I THESS. v. 17.

7s.6s.

SIMPSON.

1 *p* **G**O, when the morning shineth ;
 Go, when the noon is bright ;
 Go, when the eve declineth ;
 Go, in the hush of night ;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly cares away,
pp And in thy chamber kneeling
 Do thou in secret pray.

2 *p* Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee ;
 Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be.
 Then for thyself in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's Name.

3 Or, if 'tis here denied thee,
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way,
 Even then the silent pleading
 Of thy spirit raised above
 Will reach His Throne of glory,
 Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

- 4 *mf* O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare ;
 The power that He has given us
 To pour our souls in prayer ;
p Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall,
 And remember in thy gladness
 His Grace who gives thee all. Amen.

32. "*I will trust and not be afraid.*"—ISAIAH xii, 2.

8.5.8.3.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

- 1 *mf* I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 Trusting only Thee !
 Trusting Thee for full salvation,
 Great and free !
- 2 *p* I am trusting Thee for pardon,
 At Thy Feet I bow ;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing,
 In the crimson Flood ;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy Blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.
- 5 *mf* I am trusting Thee for power,
cres Thine can never fail ;
f Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.

- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus !
 Never let me fall !
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all. Amen.

33. "A stranger in a strange land."—EXODUS ii, 22.

6s.4s.

T. R. TAYLOR.

- 1 *mf* I'M but a stranger here,
 Earth is a desert drear,
p Heaven is my home.
cres Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand ;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
f Heaven is my home.
- 2 *f* What though the tempest rage,
dim Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
cres And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast ;
 I shall reach home at last,
f Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
 I shall be glorified,
p Heaven is my home.
cres There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best,
 And there I too shall rest ;
f Heaven is my home.

- 4 *mf* Therefore I'll murmur not;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 p Heaven is my home.
 cres For I shall surely stand
 f There at my Lord's Right Hand ;—
 ff Heaven is my fatherland,
 dim Heaven is my home. Amen.

34. “*Doing the will of God from the heart.*”—EPH. vi. 6.

C.M.

DR. FABER.

- 1 *mf* **I** WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,
 And all Thy ways adore ;
 And every day I live I seem
 To love Thee more and more.
- 2 Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
 Of Jesu's toils and tears ;
 The passion of His yearning Heart
 Those three-and-thirty years.
- 3 And He hath breathed into my soul
 A special love of Thee ;
 A love to lose my will in His,
 And by that loss be free.
- 4 *uni.* The headstrong world, it presses hard
 Upon the Church full oft ;
 And then how easily Thou turn'st
 The hard ways into soft.
- 5 *har* I love to kiss each print where Thou
 Hast set Thine unseen Feet ;
 p I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will !
 Thine Empire is so sweet.

- 6 *mf* When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to Thee.
- 7 *f* I have no cares, O blessed Will !
 p For all my cares are Thine ;
 f I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 8 *mf* Man's weakness waiting upon God,
 Its end can never miss ;
dim For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.
- 9 *f* He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost ;
 God's Will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.
- 10 *mf* Ill that He blesses is our good,
 p And unblest good is ill ;
cres And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet Will.
- 11 *f* Ride on, ride on triumphantly
 Thou glorious Will ! ride on !
 Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
 The road that Thou hast gone. Amen.
35. "A Name which is above every name."—PHIL. ii, 9.
 S.M. IGNATIUS
- 1 *f* JESUS ! Name of Sweetness ;
 Jesus ! Sound of Love ;
 Cheering exiles onward
 To their rest above.

Jesus ! sweetest song-note,
On the sinner's ear—
Jesus ! breath of gladness
While we wander here.

2 *mf* Jesus ! Name of beauty,
Beauty far too bright
For our earth-bound fancy,
For our mortal sight.
Jesus ! sweet Refreshment,
When our spirits faint,
Flashing forth sweet visions,
Love alone can paint.

3 *p* Jesus ! Oh, the deepness
Of the soft love sound !
How it thrills and trembles
Through Creation's bound.
cres Jesus ! Oh, my Saviour !
Can I ever tell
f Half the Love that saved me
From the pains of Hell ?

4 *p* Jesus ! *mf* Jesus ! *f* Jesus !
Words I cannot find,
Language fails to utter
Things which fill my mind.
p Jesus ! how it flutters
This poor heart of mine,
When I hear Thee tell me
I am only Thine.

5 *mf* "Jesus only" shall be
 My glad watchword here ;
f "Jesus only" will be
 My own treasure *there* ;—
 In the Land all sunlit,
 Whence the night shades flee,
 Where His Own dear Sunbeams
 Light the Crystal Sea. Amen.

36. "Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 ST. PETER i, 8.
 C.M. DR. RAY PALMER.

1 *mf* JESU, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant Form of Thine :
 The veil of sense hangs dark between
 Thy blessed Face and mine.

2 *p* I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
 Yet art Thou oft with me ;
cres And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
 As where I meet with Thee.

3 *mf* Like some bright dream that comes
 unsought,
 When slumbers o'er me roll,
cres Thy image ever fills my thought,
f And charms my ravish'd soul.

4 *mf* Yet, though I have not seen, and still
 Must rest in faith alone ;
cres I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
 Unseen but not unknown.

5 *p* When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
 And still this throbbing heart,
cres The rending veil shall Thee reveal
f All glorious as Thou art. Amen.

37. "*He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.*"—
ISAIAH lxi. 10.

L.M.

WESLEY.

- 1 *mf* JESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 *p* When from the dust of death I rise
cres To claim my mansions in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
f "Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 4 *mf* This spotless Robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years ,
No age can change its glorious hue,
The Robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy Voice ;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,—
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.—Amen.
38. "*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.*"—LAM. iii, 24.
6s. 10s. LYTE.
- 1 *p* LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
L Far did I rove, and found no certain
home,
cres At last I sought them in His sheltering Breast,

Who opes His Arms, and bids the weary
come :

f With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2 *mf* The good I have is from His stores supplied ;

p The ill is only what He deems the best ;

mf He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought
beside :

p And poor without Him, though of all
possess'd.

Changes may come ; I take, or I resign ;

f Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

3 *mf* Whate'er may change, in Him no change is
seen ;

A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness
shines :

All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,

While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

4 While here, alas, I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;

cres But when I meet Him in the realms above
I hope to love Him better, praise Him
more,

f And feel, and tell, amid the Choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine. Amen.

39. "*Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.*"—ISAIAH
xxxiii, 17.

7s. 6s.

C. L. SMITH.

1 *f* **O** FOR the robes of whiteness ;
 O, for the tearless eyes ;
 O, for the glorious brightness
 Of the unclouded skies !

2 *mf* O, for the no more weeping
 Within that land of love,
 The endless joy of keeping
 The bridal feast above !

3 O, for the bliss of flying,
 My risen Lord to meet ;
 O, for the rest of lying
 For ever at His Feet !

4 *p* O, for the hour of seeing
 My Saviour face to face,
 The hope of ever being
 In that sweet meeting-place !

5 *f* Jesu, Thou King of Glory,
 I soon shall dwell with Thee ;
 I soon shall sing the story
 Of Thy great love to me.

6 *mf* Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
 E'en now before Thy Throne,
 That all my love may centre
 In Thee, and Thee alone. Amen.

40. "What is this that He saith, a little while?"—ST. JOHN
xvi, 18.

11s. 10s.

CREWDSON.

1 *p* **O** FOR the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and
smile !

O for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright for
ever,

Amid the shadows of earth's little while !

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong ;
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
cres Then bind the sheaves, *f* and sing the
harvest song.

3 *p* A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry
ways ;
cres Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
f And clasp the girdle round the robe of
praise.

4 *p* A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains
fed ;
cres Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
f Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

5 *p* A little while, to keep the oil from failing ;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to
trim ;
cres And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
f To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

- 6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
 The future glory and the present smile,
 With the bright promise of the glad for ever,
 Will light the shadows of the little while.
 Amen.

41. "*A friend loveth at all times.*"—PROVERBS vii, 17.
 8.7.7s.

- 1 *mf* ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
cres His is love beyond a brother's,
f Costly, free, and knows no end ;
p They who once His kindness prove,
cres Find it everlasting love.
- 2 *p* Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood ?
f But the Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God.
p This was boundless love indeed ;
cres Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 *mf* Could we bear from one another
 What He daily bears from us ?
cres Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
 Loves us, though we treat Him thus ;
p Though for good we render ill,
cres He accounts us brethren still.
- 4 *mf* O for grace, our hearts to soften
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
dim We alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above ;
cres But when home our souls are brought
ff We will love Thee as we ought. Amen.

42. "*A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.*"—ISAIAH xxxii, 2.

9s.

DR. MONSELL.

1 *p* **R**EST of the weary, joy of the sad ;
 Hope of the dreary, light of the glad ;
cres Home of the stranger, strength to the end ;
 Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

2 *p* Pillow, where lying love rests its head ;
pp Peace of the dying, life of the dead ;
cres Path of the lowly, prize at the end ;
 Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

3 *mf* When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry ;
 Crown of the humble, *p* cross of the high :
cres When my steps wander, over me bend,
 Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4 *mf* Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
 Unto Thee blessing, glory and praise :—
cres All my endeavour world without end,
f Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

Amen.

43. "*They desire a better country, that is an Heavenly.*"—
 HEBREWS vi, 16.

P.M.

DR. FABER.

1 **T**HE Land beyond the Sea !
 When will life's task be o'er ?
 When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
 O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and
 roar ?
 When shall we come to Thee,
p Calm Land beyond the Sea ?

- 2 *mf* The Land beyond the Sea !
How close it often seems,
cres When flush'd with evening's peaceful gleams ;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and
dreams !
It longs to fly to Thee,
p Calm Land beyond the Sea.
- 3 *mf* The Land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a thread-like mere ;
We seem half-way to Thee,
p Calm Land beyond the Sea !
- 4 *mf* The Land beyond the Sea !
Oh, how the lapsing years,
Mid our not unsubmitive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love, to thee,
p Calm land beyond the sea !
- 5 The Land beyond the Sea !
When will our toil be done ?
cres Slow-footed years ! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun !
p Home-sick we are for thee,
pp Calm Land beyond the Sea !
- 6 *mf* The Land beyond the Sea !
Why fadst thou in Light ?
cres Why art thou better seen towards night ?

Dear Land ! look always plain, look always
bright,

f That we may gaze on thee,

p Calm Land beyond the Sea !

7 *mf* The Land beyond the Sea !

Sweet is thine endless rest,

cres But sweeter far that Father's Breast

Upon Thy shores eternally possess ;

f For Jesus reigns o'er thee,

pp Calm Land beyond the Sea ! Amen.

44. "There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—ZECH. xiii, 1.

C.M.

COWPER.

1 *p* **T**HERE is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's Veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that Flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 *mf* The dying thief rejoiced to see

That Fountain in his day ;

cres And there may I, though vile as he,

dim Wash all my sins away.

3 *mf* Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood

f Shall never lose its power,

cres Till all the ransomed Church of God

dim Be saved, to sin no more.

4 *mf* E'er since by faith I saw the Stream

Thy flowing Wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme

And shall be till I die.

5 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave ;

cres Then in a nobler, sweeter song,

ff I'll sing Thy power to save. Amen.

The following may be sung at the end of each verse.

mf I do believe, I will believe,

p That Jesus died for me ;

That on the Cross He shed His Blood

cres From sin to set me free.

45. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."—REV. xxi, 7.

11s.

TIS. DR. NEALE.

1 *mf* **T**HOSE eternal bowers man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers round the Throne
of God :

Who may hope to gain them after weary fight ?

Who at length attain them clad in robes of
white ?

2 *p* He who wakes from slumber at the Spirit's
voice,

Daring here to number things unseen his
choice :

cres He who casts his burden down at Jesus'
Cross,—

f Christ's reproach his guerdon, *p* all beside but
loss.

3 *f* He who gladly barter's all on earthly ground ;
He who, like the martyrs, says *ff* " I will be
crown'd : "

f He whose one oblation is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation to the blest above.

4 *f* Shame upon you, legions of the heavenly
 King,
 Citizens of regions past imagining !
 What, with pipe and tabor dream away the
 light,
 When He bids you labour, when He bids you
ff " Fight " ?

5 *mf* Jesu, Lord of Glory, as we breast the tide,
 Whisper Thou the story of the other side ;
cres Where the saints are casting crowns before
 Thy Feet,
f Safe for everlasting, in Thyself complete.

Amen.

46. " Lord, Thou knowest all things."—ST. JOHN xxi, 17.

11s. 10s.

H.L.L.

1 *p* **T**HOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and
 sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for
 rest ;

Cares for to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confess'd ;

cres We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
 And lay them at Thy Feet : *p* Thou knowest,
 Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past ; how long and
 blindly

On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
 stray'd ;

How the Good Shepherd follow'd, and how
 kindly

He bore it home, upon His Shoulders laid ;
 And heal'd the bleeding wounds, and sooth'd
 the pain,
 And brought back life, and hope, and strength
 again.

3 *mf* Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
 All to each one assign'd of tribulation,
 Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear ;
 All pensive memories, as we journey on,
dim Longings for vanish'd smiles and voices gone.

4 *p* Thou knowest all the future ; *mf* gleams of
 gladness
dim By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
cres Hours of sweet fellowship *dim* and parting
 sadness,
pp And the dark river to be cross'd at last,
cres O what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path ; but this, *p* Thou knowest,
 Lord.

5 *mf* Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing ;
 As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast
 proved :
 On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
p O Saviour, Thou hast wept, *mf* and Thou
 hast loved ;
cres And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
f And find a hiding place, a rest, a home.

6 *mf* Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
 And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy Feet ;
 On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete :
 Then rising and refresh'd we leave Thy Throne,
 And follow on to know as we are known.
 Amen.

47. "*Be of good cheer ; it is I : be not afraid.*"—S. MATT.
 xiv. 27.

8s. 6.

E. CHARLES.

- 1 *f* TROSS'D with rough winds, and faint with
 fear,
p Above the tempest soft and clear,
cres What still small accents greet mine ear ?—
p 'Tis I ; *f* be not afraid.
- 2 'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white ;
 'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light ;
 'Tis I ; *f* be not afraid.
- 3 *f* These raging winds, this surging sea,
 Have spent their deadly force on Me ;
dim They bear no breath of wrath to thee ;
p 'Tis I ; *f* be not afraid.
- 4 *mf* This bitter cup, I drank it first ;
 To thee it is no draught accurst ;
p The Hand that gives it thee is pierced :
pp 'Tis I ; *f* be not afraid.

5 *mf* Mine Eyes are watching by thy bed,
 Mine Arms are underneath thy head,
 My blessing is around thee shed :

p 'Tis I ; *f* be not afraid.

6 *mf* When on the other side thy feet
 Shall rest mid thousand welcomes sweet
cres One well-known Voice thy heart shall greet,

p 'Tis I : *f* be not afraid. Amen.

48. "They desired him, saying, s'r, we would see Jesus."—S.
 JOHN xii, 21.

11s. 10s.

ANON.

1 *mf* WE would see Jesus ; for the shadows
 lengthen

Across this little landscape of our life ;

cres We would see Jesus our weak faith to
 strengthen

dim For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 *mf* We would see Jesus ; for life's hand hath
 rested

p With its dark touch upon both heart and
 brow ;

And though our souls have many a billow
 breasted,

Others are rising in the distance now.

3 *mf* We would see Jesus, the great Rock Founda-
 tion,

Whereon our feet were set by sovereign
 grace,

f Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
 Can thence remove us if we see His Face.

4 *mf* We would see Jesus : other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to
see ;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to
Thee.

5 We would see Jesus ; *p* yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its
fingers ;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less
strong.

6 *mf.* We would see Jesus : sense is all too blinding
And Heaven appears too dim, too far away :
cres We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts
reminding
dim What Thou hast suffer'd, our great debt to
to pay.

7 *mf* We would see Jesus : this is all we're needing ;
cres Strength, joy, and willingness come with
the sight :
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading ;
f Then welcome day, and farewell mortal
night. Amen.

49. "The Lord is on my side : I will not fear."—Ps. cxviii, 6.
8.8.8. NEWTON.

1 *f* **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

- 2 Though hot the fight why quit the field ?
 Why must I either fly or yield,
 Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?
- 3 *mf* I know not what may soon betide,
 Or how my wants shall be supplied :
 f But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 4 *p* Though sin would fill me with distress,
 The Throne of Grace I dare address,
 For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 5 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
 cres My stedfast hope shall not remove,
 f While Jesus intercedes above.
- 6 *cres* Against me earth and hell combine ;
 But on my side is power divine ;
 ff Jesus is all, *dim* and He is mine. Amen.
50. “ *Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid.* ”—ST. MATT.
 xiv. 27.

8s. 7s. 4s.

KELLY.

- 1 *mf* **W**HY those fears ?—Behold 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm and guides the ship :
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Send to waft us through the deep,
 To the regions
- p* Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 *mf* Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
 Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with Jesus
 Through the trackless deep move on.

- 3 *cres* Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
f Led by that, the storms defy ;
p Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
ff Waves obey Him,
dim And the storms before Him fly.
- 4 *mf* O what pleasures there await us :
 There the tempests cease to roar ;
 There it is that those who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more :
dim Trouble ceases
p On that tranquil happy shore. Amen.

Mission Hymns.

51. "*The world passeth away and the lust thereof.*"—I ST.
 JOHN ii, 17.

L.M.

REV. E. HUSBAND

- 1 *mf* **A** LAS ! poor world, I loved thee long,
 And thought thy pleasures my delight
 I fancied that thy glittering toy,
 Had made this vain world's darkness light.
- 2 Well I remember how I lived,
 How oft my wearied soul would sigh :
 And when I thought it was all joy,
p Attendant sorrow would be nigh.
- 3 And all alone, for months and years,
 Without the knowledge, Lord, of Thee,
 My spirit cried for some true rest,
 Some love to trust ; some joy to see.

- 4 Then I remember how Thy Cross,
 Stood still before me in my way,
cres And speaking peace into my soul,
f Turned all my darkness into day.
 5 Oh, day of sunshine after clouds !
p Oh, gentle calm, when storms depart !
cres For now I know no resting place,
f Save, Jesu, in Thy Sacred Heart. Amen.

52. "*The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"—I ST. JOHN i, 7.

7s.

REV. G. S. HODGES.

- 1 *p* ALL my sins uprising now,
 A Wring my heart and brand my brow ;
 Sins of childhood, sins of youth,
 Despite done to Grace and Truth :
 pp Is there mercy left for me ?
 f Jesus died ! He died for thee.
- 2 *mf* Deeds and words, and fancies vain,
 Darker, deadlier made the stain,
 On the Record kept on high,
 On my soul condemned to die :
 pp Is there cleansing left for me ?
 f Jesus bled ! He bled for thee.
- 3 *mf* Ah, my heart is hard within,
 Callous through repeated sin ;
 When I fain would kneel and pray,
 Satan steals the power away :
 pp Say, what hope remains for me ?
 f Jesus prayed ! He prays for thee.

- 4 *mf* Once far back in earlier years,
 I bedewed my couch with tears ;
dim Now no gracious drops will flow
 From my deeper fount of woe :
pp Death and judgment wait for me !
f Jesus wept ! He wept for thee.
- 5 *p* Dare I lift my shameful face,
 I who trampled on His Grace ?
 Dare I seek the Throne of Light
 Where His saints are clad in white ?
pp How they all would shrink from me !
f Jesus bends ! He bends to thee.
- 6 *p* Jesus died,—to make thee whole :
cres Jesus bled, —to wash thy soul :
 Jesus prayed,—and thou hast part :
 Jesus wept,—to break thy heart :
 Jesus bends : poor sinner see,
f Rise, look up, He calleth thee. Amen.

53. "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by."—LAM. i, 12.

10s. 11s.

WESLEY.

- 1 *mf* **A**LL ye that pass by to Jesus draw nigh :
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should
 die ?
 Your ransom and peace, your surety He is,
 Come see if there ever was sorrow like His !
- 2 *p* For what you have done His Blood must atone,
 In grace God hath punished for you His dear
 Son ;
 The Lord in the day of His anger did lay
 Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them
 away.

- 3 He answered for all ; oh, come to His call,
And low at His Cross with astonishment fall ;
But lift up your eyes at Jesus' cries ;
Impassive He suffers, immortal He dies.
- 4 He dies to atone for sins not His own ;
mf Your debt He hath paid, and your work He
hath done,
cres Ye all may receive the peace He did leave,
dim Who made intercession " My Father, forgive."
- 5 *p* For you and for me He prayed on the Tree ;
f The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
dim And come for the pardon God will not deny.
- 6 *mf* My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesu's blest Name.
He purchased the grace which now I embrace ;
dim O, Father, Thou knowest He died in my place.
- 7 *mf* His death is my plea ; my Advocate see,
And hear the Blood speak that hath answer'd
for me :
Acquitted I was when He bled on the Cross ;
And by losing His Life, He carried my cause.
Amen.

54. " He saith unto Him, follow He."—ST. MATT. ix. 9.

P.M.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

- 1 *mf* **A**ND dost Thou ask me, dearest Lord,
With tender voice and gentle word,
In faith to follow Thee ?
Close to Thyself, where'er Thou art,
With child-like trust, and loving heart,
Thy guiding Hand to see ?

- 2 *f* Yes, 'tis Thy Voice, Thou sweetest Lord !
Gladly I'll listen to Thy Word,—
p "Come, soul, and follow Me ;"
cres And be the way, Lord, rough or plain ;
Be it all joy, or be it pain,
f I will still follow Thee.
- 3 *p* If Thou should'st keep me for awhile,
Without the sunshine of Thy Smile,
cres Yet in Thy Wounds I'll hide :
Rememb'ring always that Thy way,
p Sometimes through night, *f* sometimes
through day,
dim Will lead me to Thy Side.
- 4 *p* If Thou should'st summon me to leave
My home and friends, I will not grieve,
pp I'll do it for Thy sake ;
mf Knowing that Thou wilt make amends,
For all I loved : house, riches, friends,
Whatever I forsake.
- 5 Then let me, Lord, in poverty,
Obedience, and chastity,
Count it all joy to be ;
cres Then when my trial days are past,
I at Thy Feet my crown may cast,
f And ever worship Thee. Amen.

55. "His children shall have a place of refuge."—PROV. xiv, 26'
P.M. MISS E. C. CLEPHANE.

- 1 *mf* **B**ENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land ;

A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 *f* O safe and happy shelter !
O refuge tried and sweet !
O trysting-place, where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet !
As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me
A ladder up to Heaven.

3 *p* There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide ;
cres And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 *p* Upon the Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying Form of One
Who suffered there for me ;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
To wonders I confess,—
f The wonder of His glorious love,
p And my own worthlessness.

- 5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding place :
 I ask no other sunshine than
cres The sunshine of His Face ;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,—
p My sinful self my only shame,
f My glory all the Cross. Amen.

56. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—REV.
 vii, 17.

8s. 7s.

IGNATIUS.

- 1 *p* DEAD with Me ! *f* then death is over,
 Dead, and gone, are death's dark fears ;
 Come to Me My well-beloved,
dim I have wiped away thy tears.
- 2 *mf* Come, and live beneath My shadow,
 Come, and dwell beside My Throne,
 Come, and live with Me, thy Saviour,
 Come, and live with Me, alone.
- 3 I will show thee all My Beauty,
 Thou shalt see thy Saviour's Face ;
 Thou shalt grow on in My Likeness,
 Dwelling, living in My Grace.
- 4 *p* In sweet whispers I will tell thee
 How I love thee, and will love
cres On through the Eternal ages,
 In My Palace bright above.

5 *uni. mf* Angels, Virgins, Saints, and Martyrs,
Stream from pearly portals down,
See they stand in crowds around thee,
Smiling at thy golden crown !

6 *har. f* Glory be to Thee, Sweet Jesu ;
Glory to the Father be ;
Glory to the Blessed Spirit,
Now, and for Eternity. Amen.

57. "*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*"—HEBREW xiii, 5.
D.C.M. DR. FABER.

1 *mf* **D**EAR Saviour ever at my side,
How loving Thou must be,
To leave Thy Home in Heaven to guard
A sinful one like me !
Thy beautiful and shining Face
I see not, though so near ;
p The sweetness of Thy soft, low Voice,
I am too deaf to hear.

2 *mf* I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child :
cres But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me ;
dim And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

3 *mf* And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is, within my heart,
Which tells me Thou art there.

cres Yes, when I pray Thou prayest too,—
 Thy prayer is all for me ;
p But when I sleep Thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently. Amen.

58. "Then must ye needs go out of the world."—I COR. V. 10.

6s. 5s.

IGNATIUS.

1 *mf* **F**AREWELL ! world of sorrow,
 Bitterness and strife ;
 I will only use thee
 As the road to life !
 Farewell, world of sadness,
 Farewell, earthly joys ;
 For my heart is seeking
 Bliss that never cloya.

2 *p* Strains of Heav'nly Music,
 Sights surpassing fair,
 Steal upon my senses,
 Fall upon mine ear.

cres Joys of ageless gladness,
 Peace that none can tell,
 Banishes all sadness,
 Satisfies me well.

3 *mf* Lanquishing for Jesus,
 Longing for His Love,
 Thus I'll journey onwards,
 To my Home above.

f Body, soul, and spirit,
 To my Lord I give,
dim Yearning to behold Him,
p Dying whilst I live.

- 4 In the lone, still night watch,
 'Mid the noon-tide light,
 Yearns my soul for Jesus ;
 Here it seems all night.
 Pant I for the morning,
 And the Day Star's gleam,
 When in endless sunshine,
 Dies earth's weary dream.
- 5 *unis. f* Upwards then, and onwards,
 Soars my hoping soul,
 Jesu's Arms are open,
 Jesu's Heart her goal.
- har. p* Then my Love shall kiss me,
 Call me all His own,
 Wrap me in His Brightness,
 Rest me near His Throne.
- 6 All is love and beauty ;
 Jesus, He is there !
 All is peace, and pleasure,
 All surpassing fair !
- f* Praise we then the Father,
 With the Glorious Son ;
 Praise to God the Spirit,
 Likewise shall be done. Amen.

59. "*They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*"—ISAIAH XXXV. 10.

11s.

ANON.

- 1 *p* GO bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share ;
 U Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care :
 Go think of it calmly, when curtained by
 night ;
 Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.

- 2 Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief ;
 Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief ;
 Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the
 way ;
 He'll lighten thy burden—go, weary one,
 pray.
- 3 Hearts growing a-weary with heavier woe,
 Now droop 'mid the darkness—go comfort
 them, go !
cres Go bury thy sorrow, let others be blest ;
 Go give them the sunshine, *p* tell Jesus the
 rest. Amen.

60. "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Ps.
 lv. 17.

P.M.

S. O' M. C.

- 1 *p* **I** HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
cres A dear loving Saviour, though earth-
 friends be few,
 And now He is watching in tenderness o'er
 me,
f And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour
 too !
pp For you I am praying, *p* for you I am praying,
mf For you I am praying, *pp* I am praying for
 you.
- 2 *mf* I have a Father : to me He has given
 A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;
cres And soon He will call me to meet Him in
 heaven,
f But oh, may He lead you to go with me
 too.
 For you, &c.

F

3 *mf* I have a robe : 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view ;

cres Oh, when I receive it, all shining in bright-
ness,

f Dear friend, could I see you receiving one
too !

For you, &c.

4 *p* I have a peace it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world
never knew ;

cres My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver :

mf And oh, could I know it was given to you !

For you, &c.

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the
story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour
too ;

Then pray that your Saviour may bring them
to glory,

And prayer will be answered — t'was
answered for you ! Amen.

For you, &c.

61. "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest."—ST. MATTHEW XI, 28.

S.M.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1 *mf* I HEAR Thy welcome Voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

- p* I am coming Lord !
Coming now to Thee !
- cres* Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood
dim That flowed on Calvary.
- 2 *mf* Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure ;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If Faith but brings the plea.
- 6 *f* All hail, atoning Blood !
All hail, redeeming Grace !
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness ! Amen.
62. "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his Cross daily, and follow Me."—ST. LUKE ix. 23.
- C.M. REV. E. CASWELL.
- 1 *p* I LOVED the beauty of the earth,
The brightness of the skies,
Life woo'd me with its careless mirth,
My birthright and my prize.

- 2 I loved in smooth self-chosen ways
To guide my wandering feet,
I loved the voice of human praise,
The smile of man was sweet.
- 3 My life and treasure they were here,
My throbbing pulse beat high ;
My step was free, my glance was clear,
With youth's gay buoyancy.
- 4 *mf* But youth is short, and life is frail,
And human praise untrue—
Created beauty but a veil
To hide Thee from my view.
- 5 *p* 'Twas not for these Thou madest me,
f But for Thyself, O Lord !
Thou bad'st me rest alone in Thee,
My prize and my reward !
- 6 *mf* All earthly joys shall fail at last,
p All earthly love grow cold,
cres Save love by that One Love made fast,
To Jesus and His fold.
- 7 *mf* All earthly aims shall have their end,
All earthly hopes expire,
All faith, save faith in God, but tend
To Hell's eternal fire.
- 8 One aim there is of endless worth,
One sole sufficient love,
To do Thy Will, my God on earth,
And reign with Thee above.

9 From joys that failed my soul to fill,
 From hopes that all beguiled,
 To changeless rest in Thy dear Will,
p O Jesus, call Thy child ! Amen.

63. "To hoar hairs will I carry you."—ISAIAH xlvii, 4.
7s 6s. W. L. ALEXANDER,

1 *p* I'M kneeling at the threshold, aweary, faint,
 and sore ;
 I'm waiting for the dawning, for the opening
 of the door ;
cres I'm waiting till the Master shall bid me rise
 and come
 To the glory of His presence, the gladness of
 His home.

2 *p* A weary path I've travell'd 'mid darkness,
 storm, and strife,
 Bearing many a burden, contending for my
 life ;
cres But now the morn is breaking, my toil will
 soon be o'er,
p I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is at
 the door.

3 *mf* Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as
 they stand,
 Sweet singing in the sunshine of the un-
 clouded land ;
cres Oh ! would that I were with them, amid the
 shining throng,
f Uniting in their worship rejoicing in their
 song !

4 *p* The friends that started with me have enter'd
 long ago ;
 Ah ! one by one they left me to struggle
 with the foe ;
 Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph
 sooner won ;
 How lovingly they'll hail me, when my work
 too is done.

5 *mf* With them the blessèd angels that know no
 grief or sin,
 I see them at the portals, prepared to let me
 in ;

O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure, Thy time and
 way are best,

p But I'm wasted, worn, and weary ; my
 Father bid me rest. Amen.

64. " *Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was
 lost.*"—ST. LUKE XV. 6.

11s.

1 *mf* I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the
 plain,

As homeward He carried His lost one again ;

p I marvell'd how gently His burden He bore,

cres And, as He pass'd by me, *pp* I knelt to adore.

2 *p* O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy Wounds
 they are deep,

The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving
 Thy sheep ;

cres Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,

dim And what is this rent they have made in
 Thy Side ?

3 *p* Ah, me ! how the thorns have entangled Thy
Hair,
And cruelly riven that Forehead so fair !
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering
breath !

dim And lo, on Thy Face is *pp* the shadow of
death !

4 *mf* O Shepherd, Good Shepherd ! and is it for
me

This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee ?

cres Ah, then let me strive, for the love Thou
hast borne,

dim To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn !

Amen.

65. "And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man,
save Jesus only."—ST. MATTHEW xvii, 8.

7s. 6s.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

1 *p* I MUST have "Jesus only,"
For I am full of sin ;
And I am growing weary,
And long to be with Him !
cres I care for none but Jesus !
p I'm sad when He's not near ;
For whom have I in Heaven,
Or whom on earth so dear ?

2 *mf* I must have "Jesus only,"
As all my boast and pride ;
Nor can this vain world charm me,
If He is by my side.

cres No ill can overtake me,
With such a faithful Friend,

f To guide my spirit onward,
To life's bright, joyous end !

- 3 *mf* I must have "Jesus only,"
p He is so sweet,—so dear!
cres His very Name is music,
 And ravishes the ear!
f One ray of Grace from Jesus,
 A world of sin can quell;
 One drop of Blood from Jesus
 Can save a world from hell.
- 4 *mf* I must have "Jesus only,"
 And call Him all my own!
 And lean me on His Bosom,
 And rest me near His Throne;
 When to the ageless sunshine,
 And the Bright-Morning Land,
 In love He brings my spirit,
 Across life's stormy strand!
- 5 *p* Ah, my own, precious Jesus!
cres I'll love Thee more and more,
 And languish for Thy Presence,
 Upon th' Eternal Shore:
f I'll drive all loves far from me,
 That interfere with Thine,
dim Which has in fond compassion,
p Made Thee, Sweet Jesu, mine. Amen.

66. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—ST. JOHN xii, 32.

C.M.

NEWTON.

- 1 *mf* I N evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear,
 Till a new object met my sight,
 And stopped my wild career.

- 2 *p* I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid Eyes on me,
As near His Cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that Look ;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins His Blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 *mf* A second Look He gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
cres • This Blood is for thy ransom paid,
p I died that thou may'st live."
- 6 *mf* Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
- 7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a Life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed. Amen.

The following may be sung at the end of each verse :—

- p* Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary,
cres The Lamb that was slain,
f That liveth again
To intercede for me.

67. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—ST. JOHN XVI, 20.
 10s. DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *p* I THOUGHT upon my sins and I was sad,
 My soul was troubled, sore and filled
 with pain ;
cres But then I thought on Jesus, and was glad,
f My heavy grief was turned to joy again.
- 2 *mf* I thought upon the law, the fiery law,
 Holy, and just, and good in its decree ;
cres I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw
f That law fulfilled, its curse endured for me.
- 3 *p* I thought I saw an angry frowning God,
 Sitting as Judge upon the great white
 Throne ;
 My soul was overwhelmed, *f* then Jesus
 showed
 His gracious Face, and all my dread was gone.
- 4 *p* I saw my sad estate, *pp* condemned to die,
 Then terror seized my heart, and dark
 despair ;
mf But when to Calvary I turned my eye,
 I saw the Cross, *f* and read forgiveness
 there.
- 5 *p* I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,
 No hope of safe return there seemed to be ;
f But then I heard that Jesus was the Way,
 A new and living way prepared for me.
- 6 Then in that way so free, so safe, so sure,
 Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling Blood,
 Will I abide, and never wander more,
 Walking along in fellowship with God.
- Amen.

68. "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."—ST. JOHN x. 14.

P.M.

DR. FABER.

- 1 *mf* I WAS wandering and weary,
 When my Saviour came unto me ;
 For the ways of sin grew dreary,
 And the world had ceased to woo me :
p And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way,
cres O wand'ring souls ! come near Me ;
 My sheep should never fear Me ;
f I am the Shepherd true.
- 2 *mf* At first I would not hearken,
 And put off until the morrow ;
dim But life began to darken,
p And I was sick with sorrow ;
pp And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way,
cres O wand'ring souls ! &c.
- 3 *mf* At last I stopped to listen,
 His Voice could not deceive me ;
cres I saw His kind Eyes glisten,
 So anxious to relieve me :
p And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way,
cres O wand'ring souls ! &c.
- 4 *mf* He took me on His Shoulder,
 And tenderly He kissed me ;
cres He bade my love be bolder,
 And said how He had missed me ;
p And I'm sure I heard Him say,
 As He went along His way,
cres O wand'ring souls ! &c.

5 *mf* I thought His love would weaken, .
 As more and more He knew me ;
cres But it burneth like a beacon,
f And its light and heat go through me ;
p And I ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way,
cres O wand'ring souls ! &c. Amen.

69. "*Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My Words,
 of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed.*"—ST.
 LUKE ix, 26.

L.M.

GRIGG.

1 *mf* JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
 Ashamed of Thee whom Angels praise ;
 Whose glories shine to endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds His beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
p 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
f Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 *mf* Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of Heaven depend !
cres No ; when I blush be this my shame,
dim That I no more revere His Name.

5 *mf* Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tears to wipe ; no good to crave ;
 No fears to quell ; no soul to save.

- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
f And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me. Amen.

70. "*He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.*"
 —2 TIM. i, 12.

11s.

WALKER.

- 1 *uni. f* JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with
 my soul ;
 Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make
 me whole.
 There is none in Heaven or on earth like
 Thee :
har, p Thou hast died for sinners—*f* therefore, Lord,
 for me.

- 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless
 worth,
 Spoken by the Angel at Thy wondrous birth ;
 Written, and for ever, *p* on Thy Cross of
 shame,
mf Sinners read and worship, trusting in that
 Name.

- 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy
 ways,
 Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly
 days :
 Sinners gather'd round Thee, lepers sought
 Thy Face—
 None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's
 grace.

- 4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
 Though Thy Voice of pity I have never heard,
 When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
 Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy Feet.
- 5 *uni. f* Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt ;
ff Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out ;
har. Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy Blood ;
 These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God. Amen.

71. "*He was wounded for our transgressions.*"—ISAIAH liii, 5.
 7s. DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *mf* JESU, Saviour, Son of God,
 Bearer of the sinner's load,
 Breaker of the captive's chain,
 Cleanser of the guilty's stain,
p Thou the sinner's death hast died,
 Thou for us wast crucified.
- 2 For our sin Thy Flesh was torn,
 Thou the penalty hast borne
 Of our guilt, *p* upon the Tree,
 Which the Father laid on Thee !
mf Saviour, Surety, Lamb of God,
p Thou hast bought us with Thy Blood.
- 3 *uni. mf* Thou hast wiped the debt away,
 Nothing left for us to pay ;
 Nothing left for us to bear,
 Nothing left for us to share,
f But the pardon and the bliss,
 But the love, the light, the peace.

4 *har. mf* I to Thee will look and live,
 And, in looking, praises give,
 Looking quickens, strengthens, brings
 Heavenly gladness on its wings !
 I would rise to Thee above,
 I would look, and praise, and love.

5 Jesu, Saviour, Son of God,
 Bearer of the sinner's load,
 Everlooking let me be
 At the blood besprinkled Tree,
 Blessing Thee with lip and soul,
 While the endless ages roll. Amen.

72 "He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints."—
 PSALM lxxxv. 8.

P.M.

REV. G. BODY.

1 *mf* JESU ! speak to me in love,
 Restless, storm-tossed in my sin,
 With Thy Mighty Voice, O Lord,
 Thy great calm create within ;
dim Bid the stormy winds to cease,
p Bid, O bid me go in peace.

2 *mf* To Thee, Jesu, do I fly,
 Wakened from my soul's dread sleep ;
 None but Thou canst save me, Lord,
 In this hour of anguish deep ;
dim Thou alone canst give release,
p Bid, O bid me go in peace.

- 3 Weeping at Thy Feet I fall,
 Wearied, burdened, lonely, sad ;
cres Thou dost bid me come, my Lord,
 Thou alone canst make me glad ;
dim Jesu, grant my soul release,
p Bid, O bid me go in peace.
- 4 *mf* Boldly at Thy Throne of Grace,
 Lord, I now forgiveness seek ;
 In Thy tender, pitying Love
 To my soul Thy pardon speak.
dim Jesu ! make my anguish cease,
p Bid, O bid me go in peace.
- 5 *mf* Prince of Peace ! Who in Thy death,
 Didst for me the ransom pay,
 Cleanse me in Thy Precious Blood,
 Give to me Thy Peace to-day.
dim Now Lord grant my soul release,
p Now Lord bid me go in peace. Amen.

73. "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear My Voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with Me.*"—R.E.V. iii, 20.

P.M.

STOWE.

- 1 *p* **K**NOCKING ! knocking ! who is there ?
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
cres Never such was seen before ;
 Ah, my soul, for such a wonder
 Wilt thou not undo the door ?

- 2 *p* Knocking ! knocking ! still He's there ;
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair :
 But the door is hard to open,
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,
 Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking ! knocking ! what, still there ?
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair !
cres Yes, the piercèd Hand still knocketh,
 And beneath the crownèd Hair
 Beam the patient Eyes, so tender,
dim Of thy Saviour waiting there. Amen.

74. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."—PSALM lv, 22.

6s.

DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *mf* LAY down thy burden here ;
 With such a weary load,
 Thou canst not climb yon hill,
 Yon steep and rugged road.
- 2 'Tis rough, and wild, and high,
 Thickets and rocks impede ;
 Scant resting place between,
 How canst thou upward speed ?
- 3 Lay down thy burden here,
p Poor weary son of time,
mf So shall thy limbs be strong,
cres So shalt thou upward climb.
- 4 *mf* The sun is hot, no cloud
 To shield thee from his ray ;
 It scorches up thy strength,
p Stay now, poor climber, stay.

- 5 Thou breathest hard, the drops
Are on thy burning brow ;
Try not another step,
Lay down thy burden now.
- 6 *mf* So shalt thou climb yon hill,
Up to its steepest height,
Like eagle of the rock,
With easy joyful flight.
- 7 So shalt thou bear the toil,
Thy God appoints to thee ;
So shalt thou serve thy God
In happy liberty. Amen.
75. "There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. xxxiv, 26.
8s.7s. MRS. CODNER.
- 1 *mf* **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free :
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing :
Let some droppings fall on me—*p* Even me !
- 2 Pass me not ! O gracious Father !
p Sinful though my heart may be ;
cres Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—*p* Even me !
- 3 *mf* Pass me not ! O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
cres I am longing for Thy favour ; [me !
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—*p* Even me !
- 4 *f* Pass me not ! O mighty spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—*p* Even me !

- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
 Has the world my heart been keeping ?
cres O forgive and rescue me—*p* Even me !
- 6 *f* Love of God, so pure and changeless !
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free !
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless !
 Magnify it all in me—*p* Even me !
- 7 *mf* Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee ;
cres All my heart to Thee is springing,
f Blessing others, O bless me—Even me !
 Amen.

76. " *Having made peace through the Blood of His Cross.*"—
 COL. i, 20.

P.M.

F. J. CROSBY.

- 1 *mf* **M**OURNER, wheresoe'er thou art,
 At the Cross there's room !
 Tell the burden of thy heart,
 At the Cross there's room !
 Tell it in thy Saviour's Ear,
 Cast away thine every fear,
cres Only speak, and He will hear :
p At the Cross there's room !
- 2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not ;
 At the Cross there's room !
 Seek that consecrated spot ;
 At the Cross there's room !
pp Heavy laden, sore opprest,
 Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;
cres In the Saviour find thy rest :
p At the Cross there's room !

- 3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day
 At the Cross there's room !
mf Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say,
 At the Cross there's room !
cres Now a living fountain see,
 Opened there for you and me,
 Rich and poor, for bond and free :
 At the Cross there's room !
- 4 *f* Blessèd thought ! for everyone
 At the Cross there's room !
 Love's atoning work is done ;
 At the Cross there's room !
cres Streams of boundless mercy flow,
 Free to all who thither go :
ff Oh that all the world might know
p At the Cross there's room ! Amen.

77. "For Thy Name's sake, O Lord, pardon my iniquity for it is great."—PSALM XXV. 11.

DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *p* NO ; not despairingly,
 Come I to Thee :
 No ; not distrustingly
 Bend I the knee.
 Sin hath gone over me,
cres Yet is this still my plea,
pp Jesus hath died.
- 2 *p* Ah, mine iniquity
 Crimson hath been,
 Infinite, infinite,
 Sin upon sin :
 Sin of not loving Thee,
 Sin of not trusting Thee,
 Infinite sin.

- 3 Lord, I confess to Thee
 Sadly my sin ;
 All I am, tell I Thee,
 All I have been.
cres Purge Thou my sin away,
 Wash Thou my soul this day,
 Lord, make me clean.
- 4 *mf* Faithful and just art Thou,
 Forgiving all ;
cres Loving and kind art Thou,
 When poor ones call ;
f Lord, let the cleansing Blood,
 Blood of the Lamb of God,
 Pass o'er my soul.
- 5 Then all is peace and light
 This soul within :
 Thus shall I walk with Thee
 The loved unseen.
 Leaning on Thee, my God,
 Guided along the road,
 Nothing between. Amen.

78. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."—ISAIAH xlv. 22.
 S.M. DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *p* **N**OT what these hands have done,
 Can save this guilty soul ;
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
 Can make my spirit whole.
- 2* Not what I feel or do,
 Can give me peace with God ;
 Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears
 Can bear my awful load.

* These verses can be omitted if the hymn be thought too

- 3 *f* Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin ;
ff Thy Blood alone, O Lamb of God,
p Can give me peace within.
- 4* *f* Thy love to me, O God,
p Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 5* *mf* Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak ;
f Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
- 6* *mf* No other work save Thine,
cres No meaner Blood will do ;
No strength save that which is Divine,
Can bear me safely through.
- 7 *f* I bless the Christ of God ;
I rest on love Divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.
- 8 His Cross dispels each doubt ;
I bury in His tomb,
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 9 *uni.* I praise the God of grace ;
f I trust His strength and might :
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

10**har mf* In Him is only good,
p In me is only ill;
mf My ill but draws His goodness forth,
 And me He loveth still.

11 'Tis He who saveth me,
 And freely pardon gives;
 I love because He loveth me,
f I live because He lives.

12 My life with Him is hid,
 My death has passed away;
 My clouds have melted into light,
 My midnight into day. Amen.

79. "*I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.*"—GALATIANS ii, 20.

P.M. MONOD.

1 *p* O, THE bitter shame and sorrow,
 That a time could ever be
cres When I let the Saviour's pity
 Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
f "All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me: *p* I beheld Him
 Bleeding on the accursed Tree,
 Heard Him pray: *pp* "Forgive them, Father!"
cres And my wistful heart said faintly;
 "Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 *mf* Day by day His tender mercy,
 Healing, helping, full and free,
cres Sweet, and strong, and ah! so patient!
dim Brought me lower, while I whispered:
p "Less of self, and more of Thee."

- 4 *f* Higher than the highest Heavens,
 Deeper than the deepest sea,
 Lord, Thy Love at last hath conquered ;
 Grant me now my soul's desire :
 "None of self, and all of Thee." Amen.

80. "*Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.*"—
 ST. JOHN vi. 35.

P.M.

DR. FABER.

- 1 *mf* **O**H! come to the merciful Saviour who
 calls you,
 Oh! come to the Lord who forgives and
 forgets ;
p Though dark be the fortune on earth that
 befalls you,
cres There's a bright Home above, where the sun
 never sets.
- 2 *mf* Oh! come then to Jesus, Whose Arms are
 extended
 To fold His dear children in closest em-
 brace ;
cres Oh! come for your exile will shortly be
 ended,
f And Jesus will show you His beautiful
 Face.
- 3 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy
 grows brighter
 The longer you look at the depth of His
 love ;
 And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares
 grow lighter
 As you think of the Home and the Glory
 above.

4 *p* Have you sinned as none else in the world
have before you ?

pp Are you blacker than all other creatures in
guilt ?

cres Oh, fear not, and doubt not ! the mother
who bore you

Loves you less than the Saviour whose
Blood you have spilt !

5 *uni. f* Oh ! come then to Jesus, and say how you
love Him,

And swear at His Feet you will keep in
His Grace ;

For one tear that is shed by a sinner can
move Him,

And your sins will drop off in His tender
embrace.

6 *har mf* Then come to His Feet, and lay open your
story

Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;

f For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His
Name. Amen.

81. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered
into the heart of man the things which God hath pre-
pared for them that love Him."—I COR. ii. 9.

11s.

DR. FABER.

1 *mf* 0 WHAT is this splendour that beams on
me now,

This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my
soul,

While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clover¹
roll ?

- 2 To what mighty King doth this city belong,
 With its rich jewell'd shrine and its gardens
 of flowers,
 With its breaths of sweet incense, its
 measures of song,
 And the light that is gliding its numberless
 towers ?
- 3 See forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
 Come the princes of Heaven—how bravely
 they shine !
 'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the
 way,
 And to tell me that all I see round me is
 mine.
- 4 *uni. f* There are millions of saints, in their ranks
 and degrees,
 And each with a beauty and crown of his
 own ;
 And there far out-numbering the sands of the
 seas,
 The nine rings of Angels encircle the
 Throne.
- 5 *har. p* And oh if the exiles of earth could but win
 One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
 From that hour they would cease to be able
 to sin,
cres And earth would be Heaven ; for Heaven
 is love.

6 *p* But words may not tell of the Vision of peace,
 With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous
 fires ;
 Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows
 all cease,
 And the gift has outbidden its boldest
 desires !

7 No sickness is there, no bleak bitter cold,
 No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful toil ;
 No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,
 No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

8 *mf* Because I serve Thee, are life's pleasures all
 lost ?

p Is it gloom, pain, or blood, that wins
 Heaven for me ?

cres O no ! one enjoyment alone can life boast,
f And that, dearest Lord ! is my service of
 Thee. Amen.

82. "*In Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy Right Hand
 there are pleasures for evermore.*"—PSALM xvi. 18.

P.M.

MISS F. ARMSTRONG.

1 *mf* **O**H to be over yonder,*
cres In that bright land of wonder,
 Where the angel voices mingle, and
 the angel harps do ring !
dim To be free from care and sorrow,
 And the anxious dread to-morrow,
 To rest in light and sunshine in the
 presence of the King !

* From "The King in His Beauty," by special permission.

- 2 *mf* Oh to be over yonder !
My longing heart grows fonder
Of looking to the far-off east, to see the
day-star bring
Some tidings of the awaking,
Of the cloudless, pure daybreaking :
My heart is yearning—yearning for the
coming of the King.
- 3 *p* Oh to be over yonder !
Alas ! I sigh and ponder—
Why clings this poor weak heart of
mine to any earthly thing ?
For each earthly tie must sever,
And pass away for ever :
There is no more separation in the
presence of the King !
- 4 *cres* Oh, when shall I be dwelling
f Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted Heavens ring ?—
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the Morning Star is beaming ?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the
presence of the King ?
- 5 Oh, when shall I be yonder ?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed
ones do sing,
Within those Heavenly places,
dim Where the Angels veil their faces
p In awe and adoration in the presence
of the King. Amen.

83. *"He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the Throne of God, and of the Lamb."*—REV. xxii, 1.

P.M.

- 1 *mf* **O**H, have you not heard of a beautiful stream

That flows through our Father's land ?

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.

cres Oh, seek that beautiful stream ;

Oh, come to that beautiful stream ;

dim Its waters so free are flowing for thee,

p Come now to that beautiful stream.

- 2 *p* With murmuring sound doth it wander-along
Through fields of eternal green ; [rest,
Where songs of the blest, in their haven of
Float soft on the air serene.

- 3 *mf* Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul ;
It flows from the Throne of Jehovah alone,
Oh, come where the bright waves roll !

- 4 This beautiful stream is the River of Life,
It flows for all nations free ;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
f Oh, sinner, it flows for thee !

- 5 Oh, will you not drink of that beautiful stream,
p And dwell on its peaceful shore ? [home,
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones
And wander in sin no more !" Amen.

84. "The wages of sin is death."—ROMANS VI, 23.

8s.

DR. FABER.

- 1 *p* **O**H, what are the wages of sin,
 The end of the race we have run ?
 We have slaved for the master we chose,
 And what is the prize we have won ?
- 2 *pp* We are worn out and weary with sin ;
 Its pleasures are poor at the best ;
 From what we remember, not worth
 Half an hour of a conscience at rest.
- 3 *mf* For sin in the hand is not like
 The bright thing it look'd to the eye ;
 Its taste is still worse than its touch ;
 Yet we swallow the poison and die.
- 4 *unif* Oh, fools that we were ! can we now
 Break off the bad bargain we made ?
 And is there a way to get back
 The rash price we already have paid ?
- 5 *har*, Oh, yes ! we have got but to send
 One word or one sigh up to Heaven ;
 The mischief will all be undone,
 And the past be completely forgiven.
- 6 For Jesus is just what He was
 On the Cross, as we left Him before,
 p All gentleness, mercy, and love,
 Nay, His love and His mercy look more.
- 7 *f* We will back with our hearts in our hands,
 cres For the heart is His one only fee :
 Forgive us, dear Jesus, forgive,
 dim All we want is forgiveness from Thee.

Amen.

85. "It is the Voice of my Beloved that knocketh."—CANT. v. 2.
8.8.8.6. DR. H. BOWAR.

- 1 *p* **O**UT in the dew and cold He stands,
The drops of night are on His Hair ;
In patient love He waits without ;
pp And who, who keeps Him there ?
- 2 *cres* All Heaven is in His earnest Voice,
All glory on His Brow so fair :
p In sorrowing love He stands without ;
pp And who, who keeps Him there ?
- 3 *mf* "Open to Me, beloved one,
With Me thy heart and dwelling share ;"
But still at the barred door He stands ;
p And who, who keeps Him there ?
- 4 He hath no place to lay His Head,
No one a home or roof will spare :
No one respondeth when He knocks ;
And who, who keeps Him there ?
- 5 *uni.f* The winds are out, the storm is up,
Freezing and sharp the midnight air :
He does not leave, but knocketh on ;
har. p And who, who keeps Him there ?
- 6 Our ear is sealed, our heart is cold,
And we refuse both hearth and fare :
cres He speaks, we hear not : ah, 'tis we,
Yes, we who keep Him there ?
- 7 *uni.f* But now no more we shut Thee out,
O Thou, the fairest of the fair :
cres Come in, Thou blessed One ; we will
No longer keep Thee there.

8 *har. f* He cometh in, my board I spread,
 My wine and viands I prepare :
 The night drops fall, the night-winds blow ;
 He is no longer there.

9 He sups with me, and I with Him,
 I wipe the night-drops from His Hair :
dim I hear no more His knock without ;
p He is no longer there. Amen.

86. "*His mercy endureth for ever.*"—1 CHRON. xvi. 34.

P.M.

AMERICAN.

1 *f* PRAISE, praise ye the Name of Jehovah,
 our God !
 Declare, oh declare ye His glories abroad !
 Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation,
 Till the uttermost islands have heard His
 salvation !
 For His love floweth on free and full as a
 river,
 And His mercy endureth for ever and ever !

2 *p* Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sinners
 was slain,
 Who went down to the grave, *f* and ascended
 again ;
 And Who soon shall return, when these dark
 days are o'er,
 To set up His Kingdom in glory and power ;
 For His love floweth on free and full as a
 river,
 And His mercy endureth for ever and ever !

3 *uni.* Then the heaven and the earth and the sea
 shall rejoice,
 The field and the forest shall lift the glad
 voice,
 The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
 And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene ;
 For His love floweth on free and full as a
 river,
 And His mercy endureth for ever and ever !

4 *harmf* Her bridal attire and her festal array,
 All nature shall wear on that glorious day,
cres For her King cometh down with His people
 to reign,
 And His Presence shall bless her with Eden
 again ;
f For His love floweth on free and full as a river,
 And His mercy endureth for ever and ever !
 Amen.

87. " *The Precious Blood of Christ.*"—1 ST. PETER i, 19.

8.5.8.3.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

1 *mf* PRECIOUS, precious Blood of Jesus,
 Shed on Calvary,
 Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
 Shed for thee !
f Precious, precious Blood of Jesus
 Ever flowing free !
cres Oh, believe it ! Oh, receive it,
p 'Tis for thee !

- 2 *mf* Precious, precious Blood of Jesus !
 Let It make thee whole ;
 Let It flow in mighty cleansing
 O'er thy soul.
 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus, &c.
- 3 *p* Though thy sins are red like crimson,
 Deep in scarlet glow,
cre Jesu's precious Blood shall wash thee
p White as snow.
 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus, &c.
- 4 *f* Precious Blood that hath redeemed us !
 All the price is paid !
 Perfect pardon now is offered,
 Peace is made.
 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus, &c.
- 5 *mf* Now the Holiest with boldness
 We may enter in,
 For the open fountain cleanseth
 From all sin.
 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus, &c.
- 6 *uni.f* Precious Blood ! by this we conquer
 In the fiercest fight,
f Sin and Satan overcoming
 By Its might.
 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus, &c.
- 7 *har.f* Precious Blood, whose full atonement
 Makes us nigh to God !
 Precious Blood ! our song of glory,
 Praise and laud.
 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus, &c.
 Amen.

88. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting Arms."—DEUT. xxxiii, 27.

P.M.

F. J. CROSBY.

1 *f* **S**AFE in the Arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle Breast,
 There by His Love o'ershadowed,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 p Hark ! 'tis the voice of Angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 cres Over the fields of glory,
 Over the jasper sea.
 f Safe in the Arms of Jesus, &c.

2 *p* Safe in the Arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 pp Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears,
 cres Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears.
 f Safe in the Arms of Jesus, &c.

3 *uni. f* Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
 p Jesus hath died for me ;
 f Firm on the Rock of Ages
 Ever my trust shall be.
 har. p Here let me wait with patience—
 Wait till the night is o'er,
 cres Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.
 f Safe in the Arms of Jesus, &c.

Amen.

89. "*Pure river of water of life, clear as crystal.*"—REV. xxii, 1.

P.M.

AMERICAN.

- 1 *mf* SHALL we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod ;
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the Throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Dashing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down ;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the smiling of the river—
 Mirror of the Saviour's Face—
 Saints, whom death will never sever,
 Raise their songs of saving grace.
- 5 *f* Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace. Amen.

The following may be sung at the end of each verse:—

- p* Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful river—
- cres* Gather with the saints at the river,
dim That flows by the Throne of God.

90. "Every man that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me."—ST. JOHN vi, 43.

8s. 7s.

DR. FABER.

1 *mf* SOULS of men ! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

2 *p* Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet ?

3 *mf* It is God : His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems :
'Tis our Father : and His fondness
Goes out far beyond our dreams.

4^v There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

5* There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

6 *p* There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
cres There is mercy with the Saviour ;
mf There is healing in His Blood.

7 *uni.f* There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper Home of bliss.

* These verses can be omitted, if the hymn be thought to

- 8* For the Love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind ;
 And the Heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.
- 9 *har.* There is plentiful redemption
 In the Blood that has been shed ;
 There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.
- 10 *p* Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus,
 And, oh ! come not doubting thus,
cres But with faith that trusts more bravely
 His huge tenderness for us.
- 11 *f* If our love were but more simple,
 'We should take Him at His Word ;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

91. "*The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*"—EPH. iii, 19.

7s. 6s.

MISS HANKEY.

- 1 *f* TELL me the Old, Old Story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
- p* Tell me the Story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.
- p* Tell me the Old, Old Story !
cres Tell me the Old, Old Story !
 Tell me the Old, Old Story !
f Of Jesus and His love !

- 2 *p* Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
- cres* Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon :
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 *pp* Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave ;
Remember ! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
- p* Tell me the Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 *mf* Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear .
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
- cres* Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Amen.

92. "They desire a better country."—HEBREW xi, 16.

P.M.

AMERICAN.

- 1 *p* THERE is a better world they say,
f Oh, so bright !
- p* Where sin and woe are done away,
f Oh, so bright !

- p* And music fills the balmy air,
cres And Angels with bright wings are there,
 And harps of gold and mansions fair,
f Oh, so bright !
- 2 *p* No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
f Happy land !
- p* No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
f Happy land !
- p* They drink the gushing streams of grace,
cres And gaze upon the Saviour's Face,
 Whose brightness fills the holy place,
f Happy land !
- 3 *f* But though we're sinners every one,
p Jesus died !
- f* And though our crown of peace is gone,
p Jesus died !
- cres* We may be cleansed from every stain,
 We may be crowned with bliss again,
 And in that land of pleasure reign.
f Jesus died !
 Amen.

93. "Rejoice with Me for I have found My sheep which was lost."—ST. LUKE XV, 6.

P.M.

E. C. CLEPHANE.

- 1 *f* **T**HERE were ninety and nine that safely
 lay
 In the shelter of the fold :
p But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold,
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

- 2 *f* "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer *p* "This of
Mine
Has wandered away from Me ;
cres And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."
- 3 *mf* But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed :
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
dim Out in the desert He heard its cry,
p Sick, and helpless, and *pp* ready to die.
- 4 *mf* "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the
way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
p "They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
mf "Lord, whence are Thy Hands so rent and
torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 *f* But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of Heaven,
ff "Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !"
And the Angels echoed round the Throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
own !"

Amen.

94. "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests,
but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His Head."
—ST. MATTHEW viii, 25.

P.M.

E. S. ELLIOTT.

1 *p*

THOU didst leave Thy Throne and Thy
Kingly Crown

When Thou camest to earth for me ;
But in Beth'lehem's home was there found no
room

For Thy Holy Nativity.

cres Oh ! come to my heart, Lord Jesus ;

dim There is room in my heart for Thee.

- 2 *f* Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree ;

p But in lowly Birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.

cres Oh ! come to my heart, Lord Jesus ;

dim There is room in my heart for Thee.

- 3 *mf* The foxes found rest, and the bird had its
nest

In the shade of the cedar tree ;

p But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of
God,

In the desert of Galilee.

cres Oh ! come to my heart, Lord Jesus ;

dim There is room in my heart for Thee.

- 4 *mf* Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word,
That should set Thy people free ;

p But with mocking, scorn, and with crown of
thorn,

They bore Thee to Calvary.

cres Oh ! come to my heart, Lord Jesus ;

dim There is room in my heart for Thee.

5 *f* When the Heavens shall ring and the Angels
sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy Voice call me home, saying, "Yet
there is room,
There is room at My Side for thee."
cres Oh ! come to my heart, Lord Jesus ;
dim There is room in my heart for Thee. Amen.

95. "*I pray you let me glean after the reapers among the sheaves.*"—RUTH ii. 7.

P.M.

P. P. BLISS.

1 *mf* "WEARY gleaner, whence comest thou,
With empty hands and clouded brow ?
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me where hast thou gleaned to-day ?"
"Late I found a barren field,
The 'harvest past' my search revealed ;
Others golden sheaves had gained
p Only stubble for me remained."
cres Forth to the harvest field away !
Gather your handfuls while you may ;
f All day long in the field abide
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

2 *p* "Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,
These faded flowers and leaflets sere ?
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
Where, oh where, hast thou gleaned to-day !"
mf "All day long in shady bowers,
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers ;
dim Now, alas ! too late I see
All I've gathered is vanity."

- 3 *mf* "Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see ;
Indeed, thou must a-weary be !
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day ?"
cres "Stay me not till day is done ;
I've gathered handfuls one by one,
Here and there for me they fall,
Close by the reapers I've found them all."
Amen

96. "Let him that is athirst, come."—REV. xxii, 17.

P.M.

DR. FABER.

- 1 *mf* WE come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
Just because we need Thee so ;
None need Thee more than we do,
p Nor are half so vile or low.
f O bountiful Salvation ! O life eternal won !
O plentiful Redemption ! O Blood of Mary's
Son !
- 2 *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour ;
p None will have us, Lord, but Thee ;
f And we want none but Jesus,
And His grace that makes us free.
f O bountiful Salvation, &c.
- 3 *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour ;
It is love that makes us come ;
cres We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.
f O bountiful Salvation, &c.

- 4 *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour ;
 Fear brings us in our need ;
 For Thy Hand never breaketh
 Not the frailest bruised reed.
f O bountiful Salvation, &c.

PART II.

- 1 *mf* WE come to Thee, sweet Saviour ;
 For to whom, Lord, can we go ?
 The words of life eternal
 From Thy Lips for ever flow.
f O bountiful Salvation, &c.

- 2 *p* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour ;
 We have tried Thee oft before ;
 But now we come more wholly,
 With the heart to love Thee more.
f O bountiful Salvation, &c.

- 3 *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour ;
 'Tis in answer to Thy call,
 Dear Hope of the unworthy,
 Dearest Merit of us all.
f O bountiful Salvation, &c.

- 4 *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
 And Thou wilt not ask us why ;
cres We cannot live without Thee,
p And still less without Thee die.
f O bountiful Salvation, &c.

Amer

97. "He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—ST. MARK
x, 47.

8s.

MISS CAMPBELL.

- 1 *mf* **W**HAT means this eager anxious throng,
Pressing our busy streets along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
dim Voices in accents hushed, reply,
pp "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 2 *mf* E'en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new found joy to tell,
In clouds they to the place repair,
Where Christians daily bow in prayer,
f Hosannas mingle with the cry,
pp "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 3 *f* Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame,
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry,
pp "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 4 *f* Ho! all ye heavy-laden come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home:
Lost wanderers from a Father's Face,
Return, accept His proffered grace!
Ye tempted! there's a refuge nigh,
pp "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 5 *mf* But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
dim Soon will He sadly from you turn,

Your bitter prayer in justice spurn :

"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,

pp "Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*" Amen.

98

"Yet there is room."—ST. LUKE xiv. 22.

10s.

DR. BONAR.

1 f “YET there is room !” The Lamb’s bright
hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along,

p Room, room, still room !

cries Oh, enter, enter now !

2 p Day is declining, and the sun is low :
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

3 f The bridal hall is filling for the feast :
Pass in ! pass in ! and be the Bridegroom's
guest.

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee !
 Make haste, make haste ; 'tis not too full for
 thee.

5 *mf* Yet there is room ! Still open stands the
gate,
The gate of love ; it is not yet too late.

6 Pass in ! pass in ! That banquet is for thee ;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

7 f All Heaven is there ; all joy ! go in ! go in !
The Angels beckon thee the prize to win.

8 *f* Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call :
Come, lingerer, come ; enter that festal hall.

9 *p* Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy
doom :

pp Then the last low, long cry, "No room ! no
room !"

No room ! no room !

Oh, woful cry !—"No room !"

Amen.

Holy Communion.

99. "*Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath
Eternal Life.*"—ST. JOHN vi, 54.

6s.8s.

REV. G. BODY.

1 *mf* **F**ATHER, Who dost Thy children feed,
With Manna rainèd from above ;
Who dost the Saving Chalice give,
Filled by Thy Hand in wondrous love :
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this Great Sacrament.

2 *p* O Word made Flesh, Whom we adore,
The Living Bread sent down from heaven,
Whose wondrous Passion here shown forth
Is the great pledge of sin forgiven ;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this Great Sacrament.

3 O Holy Spirit, Who dost deign
These earthy elements to bless,
Making the Bread His Flesh to be,
The Wine His Blood as we confess ;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this Great Sacrament.

4 *mf* Ye holy Angels, who with us,
 Around God's Altar lowly bow,
 Adoring there the Crucified,
p Whose Precious Death is pleaded now ;
 O praise Him for His mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament.

5 *mf* Ye blessèd Saints, enthroned on high,
 Who once the paths of earth did tread,
 Who reached in safety God's abode,
 As strengthened by this Living Bread ;
 O praise Him for His mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament.

6 O Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Whom we love,
cres Guide, strengthen, save us here below,
 And bring us to our Home above,
 To praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament. Amen.

100. "*The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"—1 ST. JOHN i, 7.

8.8.6.

DR. FABER.

1 *f* HAIL, Jesus, hail ! Who for my sake
 Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst
 take,
 And shed It all for me ;
 O, blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
 My life, my light, my only good,
 To all eternity.

- 2 To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin ;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.
- 3 *mf* O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and Heaven restore,
The Heaven which sin had lost ;
p While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.
- 4 O, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own Sacred Blood excels
Earth's best and highest bliss ;
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.
- 5 *f* Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise.
cres O, louder then and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The precious Blood to praise. Amen.
101. "Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of
Eternal Life."—ST. JOHN vi, 68.
- C.M. COWPER.
- 1 *p* **H**EAL us, Immanuel ; here are we,
Waiting to feel Thy touch :
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair ;
And, Saviour, we are such.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust Thy Word ;
cres But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
dim Be that far from Thee, Lord !
- 3 *mf* When Heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone.
- 4 Thou wert not born, there was no fount
From which Thy Being flowed ;
There is no end which Thou canst read
But Thou art simply God.
- 5 How wonderful creation is !
The work that Thou didst bless ;
cres And, oh ! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness !
- 6 *p* O listen, then, Most Pitiful !
To Thy poor creature's heart ;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art.
- 7 *mf* Most ancient of all mysteries,
Still at Thy Throne we lie :
Have mercy now, most merciful,
p Most Holy Trinity. Amen.
102. "I will love Him and will manifest myself to him."—
ST. JOHN xiv, 21.
- 10s. DR. H. BONAR.
- 1 *p* HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here faith can touch and handle things
unseen ;

- Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy
Grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the Royal Wine of
Heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 *mf* I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon :
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might
alone.
- 4 *p* Mine is the sin, but *f* Thine the righteousness ;
p Mine is the guilt, but *f* Thine the cleansing
Blood :
mf Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy Blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my
God.
- 5 Too soon we rise ; the Symbols disappear,
The Feast, though not the love, is pass'd
and gone,
The Bread and Wine remove, but Thou art
. here—
Nearer than ever—still my shield and sun.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet passing, points to the glad Feast above ;
cres Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal Feast of bliss and
love. Amen.

103. "*My flesh is meat indeed My Blood is drink indeed.*"—
ST. JOHN vi. 55.

8s. 7s.

COOKE.

1 p JESUS, Word of God Incarnate
Of the Virgin Mary born ;
On the Cross Thy Sacred Body
For us men with nails was torn.

2 Cleanse us by the Blood and Water
Streaming from Thy pierced Side ;
Feed us with Thy Body broken,
pp Now and in death's agony. Amen.

104. "*This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.*"—
ST. LUKE xv. 55.

10s.

REV. E. BICKERSTETH.

1 p NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from Thy
Table fall,
A weary heavy-laden sinner comes,
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy Board ;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,—
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 *cres* One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile,
one look,
And I could face the could rough world
again :
And with that treasure in my heart could
brook
f The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

- 4 *mf* And is not mercy Thy prerogative :
 Free mercy, — boundless, fathomless,
 divine ?
 Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive !
 And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
- 5 I hear Thy Voice ; Thou bidst me come and
 rest ;
cres I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd Feet ;
 Thou bidst me take my place,—a welcome
 guest
 Among Thy Saints, and of Thy Banquet eat.
- 6 *p* My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
 My prayer can only lose itself in Thee :
 Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
 Lord, let me sup with Thee : sup Thou
 with Me. Amen.

105. "*I love them that love Me ; and those that seek Me early
 shall find Me.*"—PROVERBS viii, 17.

7s. 6s.

ANON.

- 1 *p* SWEETEST Jesu, when we feel
 Faith and courage falter ;
 When with trembling hearts we kneel
 Bowed before Thine Altar,
 Sad, and weary, to Thy Shrine
 Scarce our glance upraising,
 Jesu, show Thy Face Divine
 On us sweetly gazing.
- 2 When in loneliest agony,
 Sick and faint we languish ;
 When with quivering lips we cry,
 In our hearts' strong anguish :

cres When our words are all too weak
 For our spirits, yearning,
 Lord of sweet compassion, speak,
 Grief to gladness turning.

3 *mf* When no ray of light may gleam
 On the darken'd morrow,
 Let Thy smile, Belovèd, gleam
 Through the night of sorrow.

dim Only deign to show Thy Face,
 Comfort of the weary ;

f Only shine, O Star of grace,
 On our pathway dreary ! Amen.

106. "*It is the Voice of My Beloved that knocketh.*"—SONG
 OF SOLOMON v. 2.

C.M.

REV. E. BICKERSTETH.

1 *p* THE sun is set, the twilight's o'er,
 The night dews fall like rain :
cres A Prince stands at a suppliant's door,
 And knocks, and knocks again.

2 *p* I slumber ; but my heart is moved
 With joy and holy fear ;
cres "Is it Thy footstep, O Beloved,
 Thy Hand, Thy Voice, I hear ?"

3 *mf* "'Tis I, Thy Lord, who stand and wait
 Beneath the darkening sky ;
 Arise, unbar, unclothe the gate,
f Fear nothing ; it is I.

4 *mf* The Bread of Life is in My Hand ;
 The Wine of Heaven I bring :
 Fulfil my tenderest last command :
 Thy Bridegroom is Thy King.

- 5 Eat, drink ; and muse in loving trust,
 The while I sup with Thee,
cres If this be Heaven on earth, what must
dim My Bridal Banquet be. Amen.

For the Young.

107. "*Speak, Lord ; for Thy servant heareth.*"—1 SAMUEL
 iii, 9.

6s. 8s.

- 1 *p* **H**USHED was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark ;
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark ;
 When suddenly a Voice divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

- 2 The old man, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel, slept ;
 His watch the temple-child,
 The little Levite kept ;
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

- 3 Oh ! give me Samuel's ear,
 The open ear, O Lord,
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of Thy Word ;
 Like him to answer at Thy call,
 And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh ! give me Samuel's heart,
 A lowly heart, that waits
 Where in Thy House Thou art,
 Or watches at Thy gates
 By day and night, a heart that still
 Moves at the breathing of Thy Will.

5 Oh ! give me Samuel's mind,
 A sweet un murmuring faith,
 Obedient and resigned,
 To Thee in life and death,
 That I may read with childlike eyes
 Truths that are hidden from the wise. Amen.

108. "*Of such is the Kingdom of God.*"—ST. LUKE xviii,
 16.

P.M.

LUKE.

1 *mf* I THINK when I read that sweet story of
 old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He call'd little children as lambs to His
 fold ;
 I should like to have been with Him then.

2 I wish that His Hands had been placed on
 my head,
 That His Arms had been thrown around
 me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look
 when He said,

p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 *mf* Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His Love,
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above :

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Amen.

109. "Learn of Me, for I am meek."—ST MATTHEW xi, 29.
7.6.8.6. DR. WHITEMORE.

1 *p* I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one mark'd an angry word,
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer ;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus ;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good ;
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to me :"
I would obey the call.

- 6 But oh, I'm not like Jesus,
 As any one may see ;
cres O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
 And make me like to Thee. Amen.

110. " *They desire a better country.*"—HEBREWS xi, 16.

P.M.

MILLS.

- 1 *mf* **W**E speak of the realms of the blest,
 Of that country so bright and so fair ;
cres And oft are its glories confess'd ;
f But what must it be to be there ?
- 2 *mf* We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,
f Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 3 *p* We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
f From trials without and within ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
 With which we can never compare
 The sweetest on earth we can raise ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 5 *p* We speak of its service of love,
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,
f The Church of the First-born above ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 6 *p* Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
 Still for Heaven our spirits prepare ;
cres And shortly we also shall know,
f And feel what it is to be there. Amen

Confirmation.

111. "Yea let Him take all."—2 SAMUEL xix, 30.

7s.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL

1 *p*

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

2

Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

3

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

4

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and 'beautiful' for Thee.

5

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

6

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

7

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

8

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

9

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

10

Take my heart ; it *is* Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal Throne.

11

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy Feet its treasure-store.

12

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee. Amen.

My Helpers.

112. "*My helpers in Christ Jesus.*"—ROMANS xvi, 3.

L.M.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

- 1 *p* **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone ;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet ;
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
 Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
 I may stretch out a loving hand
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart ;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 *mf* O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 cres O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
f Until Thy blessèd Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
Amen.

113. "*He prayed Him that he might be with Him.*"—S. MARK
v. 18.

11s. 10s.

MRS. PENNEFATHER.

1 *p* NOT now, my child!—a little more rough
tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam ;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
f And then—the sunshine of Thy Father's
home !

2 *p* Not now ; for I have wand'ers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient
love ;
Not now, for I have sheep upon the moun-
tains.
And thou must follow them where'er they
rove.

3 Not now: for I have loved ones sad and
 weary;
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly
 smile?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely
 sorrow;
 Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now: for wounded hearts are sorely
 bleeding,
 And thou must teach those widowed
 hearts to sing;

Not now : for orphans' tears are quickly
falling :

They must be gathered 'neath some
shelt'ring wing.

- 5 Go with the Name of Jesus to the dying,
 And speak that Name in all its living
 power ;
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and
 weary ?
 Canst thou not watch with Me one little
 hour ?

- 6 *p* One little hour ! *f* and then the glorious
 crowning,
 The golden harp-strings and the victor's
 palm ;
 One little hour ! and then the hallelujah !
 Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm !
 Amen.

114. "*Go thou and preach the Kingdom of God.*"—ST. LUKE
 ix, 60.

S.M.

E. M. HUSBAND.

- 1 *mf* ONLY for His dear Sake,
 Labour, and watch, and pray,
 Till to thine endless rest thou wake,
 Though faint, pursue thy way.
- 2 *p* Through conflicts sharp and deep,
 Through sorrow, suffering, sin,
f Up ! for thou must not think to sleep,
 Souls there are yet to win !

3 *mf* Thy God will bless thy choice,
His strength He'll give thee too !
Thou hast not hushed His gentle Voice,—
“Thou hast a work to do !”

4 Keep thou the end in view,
The glorious, rich reward,
For His belovèd ones, and few,
Who have obeyed their Lord.

5 *p* It is no easy way,
He bids thee tread meanwhile,
But thou shalt see His Face one day,
And shalt behold His Smile.

6 *mf* Tell of His wondrous Love,
’Till that glad day appear ;
Tell of the joys that are above,
For those that love Him here.

7 *f* Till the eternal day
Shall in its glory break,
dim Labour, and watch, and love, and pray,
p For His belovèd sake. Amen.

115. “*A friend of publicans and sinners.*”—ST. MATTHEW
xi, 19.

rs. CAREY.
1 *p* WHEN with care or grief oppress’d ;
When with trial sore distress’d ;
All seems dark, around, above,
pp Think of Jesu’s dying love.
2 *p* When in danger’s path you tread,
Clouds and storms around your head,
None on earth your grief to share,
Trust in Jesu’s tender care.

- 3 When you speak to souls in sin,
 When you seek to bring them in;
 If you would the truth proclaim,
 Speak in Jesu's Holy Name.
- 4 *mf* And when "two or three" shall meet
 For an hour in converse sweet,
 Boldly in that hallowed place,
 Tell of Jesu's saving Grace.
- 5 When to Jordan's stream you come,
 Weary pilgrim, going home,
 Faint not, though the river's wide,
 Jesus Christ is at thy side.
- 6 When you reach the promised rest,
 p When you lean on Jesu's Breast,
 mf When you dwell in Light above,
 Rest in Jesu's changeless Love. Amen.

Almsgiving.

116. "*The Lord remember all thy offerings.*"—PSALM xx, 3.

P.M.

DR. MONSELL.

- 1 *mf* **H**OLY offerings, rich and rare,
 Offerings of praise and prayer,
 Purer life and purpose high,
 Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
 Lowly acts of adoration,
 To the God of our salvation,—
 On His Altar laid we leave them :
 f Christ, present them ! *p* God, receive them !

PART II.

- 2 *p* Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas ! too long unpaid ;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy Holy Altar pour them :
There in trembling faith to leave them,
f Christ, present them ! *p* God, receive them !
- 3 *p* Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine Altar laid we leave them :
f Christ, present them ! *p* God, receive them !
- 4 *p* Pleasant food and garb of pride
Put for conscience' sake aside ;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended—
On Thine Altar laid we leave them :
f Christ, present them ! *p* God, receive them !

PART III.

- 5 *p* Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—

- mf* Faults that let and will not leave us,
 Though their staying sorely greive us,
 Help, oh, help us to outlive them ;
p Christ, atone for—God, forgive them !
- 6 Loveless life and joyless mood,
 Chill of cold ingratitude,
 When the world doth Christ betray,
 Following too far away,
 Sins which in the daily trial
 Lead too often to denial,
 Help, oh, help us to outlive them ;
 Christ, atone for—God, forgive them !

PART IV.

- 7 *uni. mf* Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
 Fonder faith, and faithful fears,
 Lowlier penitence for sin,
 More of Christ our souls within :
- har.* Love which, when its life was newer,
 Burnt within us deeper, truer—
 Lost too long, while we deplore them,
 Jesus, plead for—God, restore them !
- 8 *p* Beamings of the gentle Face,
 Overflowing gifts of grace,
 More of that deep consciousness
 Of a changeless will to bless,
 Which bestows the best assurance
 Of Eternal Love's endurance—
 Lost too often, we deplore them ;
 Jesus, plead for—God, restore them.

PART V.

- 9 *uni.* Homage of each humble heart
 Ere we from Thy House depart :
 Worship fervent, deep and high,
 Adoration, ecstasy ;
 All that childlike love can render
 Of devotion true and tender—
 On Thine Altar laid we leave them :
f Christ, present them ! *p* God, receive them !
- 10 *har.* To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One,
 Though our mortal weakness raise
 Offerings of imperfect praise,
dim Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
cres Crying, Holy ! Holy ! Holy !
 On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
ff Christ, present them ! *p* God, receive them !
 Amen.

For those at Sea.

117. "*Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid.*"—ST. MATT.
 xiv, 27.

P.M.

TRS. DR. NEALE.

- 1 *f* FIERCE was the wild billow ;
 Dark was the night ;
 Oars labour'd heavily ;
 Foam glimmer'd white ;
dim Trembled the mariners ;
 Peril was high ;
 Then said the God of God,
p "Peace ; it is I."

- 2 *f* Ridge of the mountain wave,
 Lower thy crest :
 Wail of the tempest wind,
 Be thou at rest.
- dim* Sorrow can never be,
 Darkness must fly,
 When saith the Light of Light,
- p* "Peace : it is I."
- 3 Jesu, Deliverer,
 Come Thou to me ;
- cres* Soothe thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea ;
- f* Thóu, when the storm of death
cres Roars sweeping by
- p* Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
pp "Peace : it is I." Amen.

Harvest.

118. "They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest."—
 ISAIAH ix, 3.

P.M.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE

- 1 *f* OUR voices we raise,
 Thy mercies to praise,
 O Giver of Life, [rife ;
 For the first-fruits of harvest, with happiness
 Of ourselves we are nought,
 But Thy mercy hath brought,
 Through the summer of grace,
 Our spirits in peace to a beautiful place.

2 The seed hath been sown,
 The green blade hath grown,
 The full ear hath borne
 The crown of the summer, the beautiful corn ;
 Another year sped,
 Its sunlight hath shed
 On the spirit of man, [scan.
 And the Lord of the harvest its ripeness may

3 *p* In the turn of a day,
 Bright flowers pass away,
 cres Then the fruit cometh on ; [gone ;
 The sunlight matures when the blossom hath
 Like the fall of a flower,
 In a day, in an hour,
 Our hopes drop their bloom,
 But the sunlight of heaven draws life from
 the tomb.

4 *f* When the full time is come,
 For the great Harvest-home,
 p Then cometh the end, [send ;
 The Lord of the harvest His Reapers shall
 They gather the corn,
 In the dew of the morn,
 At the dawn of the day ;
 To the garner of Heaven they bear it away.

5 *p* O Master of Life,
 From the toil and the strife,
 cres When at last we are free,
 In the harvest of souls be our portion with
 Thee ;

Where the day has no night,
 Nor is mildew nor blight,
 Nor frail blossoms fall,
f But God in His fulness shines forth all in all.
 Amen.

Processional.

119. "*Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the Right Hand of God.*"—ACTS vii, 56.

8885.

DR. H. BONAR.

- 1 *f* **A**NGEL Voices sweetly singing,
 Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
 News of wondrous gladness bringing ;
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 2 Now, beneath us all the grieving,
 All the wounded spirit's heaving,
 All the woe of hopes deceiving :
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 3 Sin for ever left behind us ;
 Earthly visions cease to blind us,
 Fleshly fetters cease to bind us :
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 4 On the jasper threshold standing,
 Like a pilgrim safely landing,
 See, the strange bright scene expanding !
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 5 *uniff* What a city ! what a glory !
 Far beyond the brightest story
 Of the ages old and hoary ;
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !

- 6 *har. p* Lifted voices, silver pealing,
 Freshest fragrance, spirit healing,
 Happy hymns around us stealing :
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 7 *unimf* Gone the vanity and folly,
 Gone the dark and melancholy ;
f Come the joyous and the holy :
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 8 *mf* Not a broken blossom yonder,
 Not a link can snap asunder ;
 Stayed the tempest, sheathed the thunder :
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 9 *har.* Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
 Not a pleasure ever palleth ;
 Song to song for ever calleth :
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 10 Christ Himself, the living splendour,
 Christ the sunlight mild and tender ;
f Praises to the Lamb we render ;
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 11 *unif* Now at length the veil is rended,
 Now the pilgrimage is ended,
 And the saints their throne ascended ;
p Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
- 12 *harf* Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
 Life and victory around us ;
f Christ, the King Himself, hath crowned us ;
 Ah, 'tis Heaven at last !
 Amen.

120. "*Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.*"—REV. iv. 11.

P.M.

1 *f*

ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of Light—
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night ;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might !

2 *p*

Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man ?
Can we feel that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us ?

f

Yea, we can.

3

Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine ;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine ;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 *uni.*

Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee ;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands, and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 *har.* Honour, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blessèd Trinity!
 Of the best that Thou hast given,
 Earth and heaven,
 Render Thee ! Amen.

121. "*That Great City, the Holy Jerusalem.*"—REV. xxi, 10.

8s. 7s.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

1 *f* DAILY, daily sing the praises
 Of the City God hath made ;
 In the beauteous fields of Eden
 Its foundation stones are laid ;
p Oh, that I had wings of Angels
 Here to spread and heavenward fly ;
cres I would seek the gates of Sion,
f Far beyond the starry sky !

2 *f* All the walls of that dear City
 Are of bright and burnished gold,
 It is matchless in its beauty,
 And its treasures are untold.
 Oh, that I had wings, &c.

3 In the midst of that dear City
 Christ is reigning on His seat,
 And the Angels swing their censers
 In a ring about His Feet.
 Oh, that I had wings, &c.

- 4 *mf* From the throne a river issues,
 Clear as crystal, passing bright,
 And it traverses the City
 Like a sudden beam of light.
 Oh, that I had wings, &c.
- 5 Where it waters leafy Eden,
 Rolling over silver sands,
p Sit the Angels, softly chiming
 On the harps between their hands.
 O that I had wings, &c.
- 6 There the meadows, green and dewy,
 Shine with lilies wondrous fair,
 Thousand, thousand are the colours
 Of the waiving flowers there.
 O that I had wings, &c.
- 7 *uni.mf* There the forests ever blossom,
 Like our orchards here in May ;
 There the gardens never wither,
 But eternally are gay.
har. O that I had wings, &c.
- 8 *har.* There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
 And is laden with the song
 Of the Seraphs, and the Elders.
 And the great redeemed throng,
 Oh, that I had wings, &c.
- 2 *uni.f* Oh, I would my ears were open
 Here to catch that happy strain !
 Oh, I would my eyes some vision
 Of that Eden could attain !
har. Oh, that I had wings, &c.

122. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—1 COR. xvi, 13.

6.5.6.5.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE.

1 *uni.* *f* **F**ORWARD ! Forward, Christians,
Forward to the fight !

For the law of Jesus,

For the Gospel light :

'Tis no time to dally,

'Tis no time to wait,

When the host of Evil

Thunders at the gate.

f Forward ! Forward, Christians,

Forward to the fight,

For the law of Jesus,

For the Church's Right.

2 *har.* Ask they what we fight for ?

'Tis the Blessed Christ—

p Present really, truly,

In His Eucharist:

Come let us adore Him,

Let us bow the knee ;

cres King, He claims our worship,

Who hath made us free.—*f* Forward, &c.

3 *p* Fearful was the anguish

Which for us He bore,

Ere the work was finished,

Ere the toil was o'er :

Life of lowly labour,

Horrors of the Grave ;

This the dread Atonement,

This the price He gave.—*f* Forward, &c.

- 4 *mf* On the Eve of passion
 With His Church was He,
 When the shades were falling
 On Gethsemane :
cres Then that gift was given
 Which we love so well—
 God-with-us for ever,
 Christ Emmanuel.—*f* Forward, &c.
- 5 *mf* Shall we slight that Presence ?
 Shall we Christ deny ?
 Shall we stint our worship
 When He draweth nigh ?
 God in Heaven forbid it !
 God attest our word—
f We will worship Jesus,
 We will serve the Lord.—Forward, &c.
- 6 *uni. ff* Hark ! the sound of battle
 Swells upon the breeze ;
 Do we shun the conflict ?
 Do we dwell at ease ?
 They are coward Churchmen*
 Who the summons slight—
 “Forward, Christian soldiers,
 Forward to the fight.”—Forward, &c.
- 7 *har. ff* Now to God the Father,
 Now to God the Son,
 To the Blessed Spirit,
 To the Three in One,

Give we praise and honour,
 As we vow to fight
 For the law of Jesus,
 For the Gospel Light.—*f* Forward, &c.
 Amen.

C.E.W.M's Processional, by special permission.

123. 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of
 Our Lord Jesus Christ.'—GAL. VI. 14.

P.M.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

1 *f* HAIL the sign, the sign of JESUS,
 Bright and royal Tree !
 Standard of the Monarch, planted
 First on Calvary !

ff Hail the sign all signs excelling
 Hail the sign all ills dispelling,
 Hail the sign hell's power quelling,
 Cross of CHRIST, all hail !

2 *f* Hail the sign, the King preceding,
 Key to hell's domain !
 Lo, the brazen gates it shatters,
 Bars it snaps in twain !

ff Hail the sign, &c.

3 Hail the sign, on Easter morning
 Breaking from the tomb ;
 In the Hand of Christ dispelling
 Sorrow, death, and gloom.

ff Hail the sign, &c.

4 *uni.* Sign to Martyrs strength and refuge,
 Sign to Saints so dear !

p Sign of evil men abhorred,
 Sign which devils fear !

f Hail the sign, &c.

- 5 *har. p* Sign which, on the day of vengeance,
 Meteor-like shall flare !
 Shuddering flesh shall then behold it,
 Steeped in blood-red glare.
ff Hail the sign, &c.
- 6 *p* Men shall shriek for very anguish,
 Evil hearts shall quail ;
f But the Saints in fullest rapture
 Shall that vision hail.
ff Hail the sign, &c.
- 7 *mf* Lo, the Cross of Christ my Master
 On my brow I trace ;
 May it keep my mind unsullied,
 Doubt and fear displace.
ff Hail the sign, &c.
- 8 *mf* Lo, upon my lips I mark it,
 Sign of Jesus slain ;
 Christian lips should never utter
 Words impure or vain.
ff Hail the sign, &c.
- 9 *mf* Lo, I sign the Cross of Jesus
 Meekly on my breast ;
 May it guard my heart when living,
p Dying, be its rest.
ff Hail the sign, &c.
- 10 *uni. ff* In the Name of God the Father,
 Name of God the Son,
 Name of God the Blessed Spirit,
 Ever Three in One.
har. ff Hail the sign, &c. Amen.

124. "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism."—EPHES. iv. 5.

6s.5s.

H. JENNER.

- f* JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.
- p* We the cross are bearing,
Once on Jesus laid ;
We the prayer are praying,
That our Jesus prayed.
- f* Chorus—Jesus Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be,
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.
- 2 *mf* Though the time be distant,
Still we watch and pray,
E'en though faint and weary,
Waiting for the day,
cre When the Church uniting,
In one host shall fight
'Gainst the powers of darkness
f In the Lord's own might,
f Jesus, Thou hast willed it, &c.
- 3 *p* Thou, our Heavenly Master,
Bid contentions cease ;
Thou, true Prince of Salem,
Give Thy children peace;
Peace from God the Father,
Peace from God the Son,
Peace from God the Spirit,
From the Three in One.
f Jesus, Thou hast willed it, &c.

4 *uni. f* When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When our cause has conquered,
When the Church is one ;
East and West together,
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.
f Jesus, Thou hast willed it, &c.

5 *har. mf* Then with hearts exulting,
Press we to that shore,
Treading in the pathway
Trod by saints before ;
f Martyrs palms are beckoning,
p Virgins lilies wave,
cres Drawing us to Jesus,
Who hath power to save.
f Jesus, Thou hast willed it, &c.

6 *ff* Praise we God the Father,
Praise the Son who died ;
Praise Him who doth ever
In His Church abide ;
Praise through endless ages
In that Heaven be done,
Where the Three bear record,
And the Three are One,
Jesus, Thou hast willed it, &c. Amen.

125.

"Always rejoicing."—II. COR. vi. 10.

11s.

1 *f* **O**N our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of
 love !

p Is there grief or sadness ? *f* Thine it cannot
 be !

p Is our sky beclouded ? *f* Clouds are not from
 Thee !

f On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Hearken to our praises, O Thou GOD of love !

2 *mf* If with honest-hearted love for GOD and man,
 Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
 Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give
 large increase,
 Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart
 with peace.

f On our way rejoicing, &c.

3 *uni.f* On our way rejoicing gladly let us go ;
 Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is
 our foe !

CHRIST without, our safety, CHRIST within,
 our joy :

Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy !

har. f On our way rejoicing, &c.

4 *ff* Unto GOD the FATHER joyful songs we sing ;
 Unto GOD the SAVIOUR thankful hearts we
 bring ;

Unto GOD the SPIRIT bow we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing now and evermore !

ff On our way rejoicing, &c. Amen.

126. "They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb."—REV. vii, 10.

P.M.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE.

- 1 *f* THERE is sound of rejoicing around the
Great Throne,

p A whisper of myriad wings ;

f For the foe that accuseth us lies cast down,
And the choir of Angels sings,

ff Salvation, and honour, and majesty be,
Lord of all power and might unto Thee.

- 2 *p* There is silence in Heaven. In measured round,
Time moves, ere his hour is come ;
And the Seven Archangels prepare to sound
With trumpets of the doom.

ff Salvation, &c.

- 3 *mf* And the smoke of the incense ariseth on high,
With prayers of the Saints who adore ;
For the Master who loves us hath deigned to
die,

And the song is heard once more.

ff Salvation, &c.

- 4 *mf* For the soul may approach to her God without
dread,

In moment of praise or of prayer ;

"Fear ye not," the bright Angels of God have
said,

f "Glad tidings of joy we bear."

ff Salvation, &c.

5 *p* But the hour draweth nigh when the Angel
shall stand
With foot on the silent shore ;
cres By the Lord he shall swear, as he lifts his
hand,
And that Time shall be no more.
f Salvation, &c.

6 *f* And the thunders shall roll, and the dead,
great and small,
At Throne of the Judge shall stand ;
And the song shall resound through the
Heavenly Hall,
Of the Saints at God's Right Hand.
f Salvation, &c. Amen.

127. " *Thanks be to God, which giveth us the Victory, through
our Lord Jesus Christ.*—I COR. XV. 57.

P.M.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE.

1 *f* **W**E march, we march to victory!
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the
sky,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
f We march, we march to victory !
With the Cross of the Lord before us.

2 *f* We come in the might of the LORD of Light,
In surpliced train to meet Him,
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the Sons of the Day may greet Him ;
f We march, we march, &c.

- 3 *uni.f* The bands of the Alien flee away,
 When our chant goes up like thunder,
 And the van of the LORD in serried array,
 Cleaves Satan's vaults asunder :
ff We march, we march, &c.
- 4 *har.f* We tread to the roll of the organ swell,
 With the watchword duly given ;
uni. And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of
 Hell
 To fight for the Gates of Heaven .
ff We march, we march, &c.
- 5 *harm.f* Our sword is the Spirit of God on High,
 Our helmet is His salvation,
p Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
 Our watchword—*pp* The Incarnation.
ff We march, we march, &c.
- 6 *uni.f* We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
 And we fear not man nor devil ;
 For our Captain Himself guards well our
 coasts,
 To defend His Church from evil :
har. We march, we march, &c. Amen.

Recessional.

128. "There shall be no night there."—REV. xxi, 25.
8s. 7s. REV. J. PURCHAS.

- 1 *p* * **E**VENSONG is hush'd in silence,
 And the hour of rest is nigh ;
 Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
 Son of Mary—God Most High !
 * To be sung at the close of Evensong.

- mf* Thou, Who in the Village Workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.
- p* We are weary of life-long toil,
pp Of sorrow, and pain, and sin ;
cres But there is a City, with Streets of Gold,
f And all is Peace within.
- 2 *mf* We have sung the Psalms Thou sangest,
In Thy Father's House of old ;
cres When the voices of the Levites
ff In a storm of music rolled :
p We have done as Thou hast ordered,
Offering up the Bread and Wine :—
Words of might are softly spoken,—
pp Jesus comes with power Divine.
p We are weary, &c.
- 3 *mf* How are we to reach that City,
Whose delights no tongue may tell ?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
Who sat weary by the well.
Sinful men and sinful women,
He will wash our sins away ;
He will take us to the Sheepfold,
Whence no sheep can ever stray.
p We are weary, &c.
- 4 *f* When we enter that bright city,
What ths vision we behold ?
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper ;
Streets of pure transparent gold.

Are the many mansions empty ?
 Lone the terraces so fair ?
 Jesus and His Angels pace them,—
 How He longs to see us there !

p We are weary, &c.

5 f *There* the dear ones who have left us,
 We shall some day meet again ;

p *There* will be no bitter partings,
 No more sorrow, death, or pain.

Evensong has closed in silence,
 And the hour of rest is nigh ;

cres Lighten Thou our darkness, Jesu,
 Son of Mary—God Most High !

p We are weary of life-long toil,

pp Of sorrow, pain, and sin ;

cres But there is a City, with Streets of Gold

ff And all is joy within. Amen.

Burial of the Dead.

129. "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.*"—REV. xiv. 13.

REV. G. MOULTRIE.

1 p **B***ROTHER*, now thy toils are o'er,
 Fought the battle, won the crown,
 On life's rough and barren shore
 Thou hast laid thy burden down :
cres Grant *him*, Lord, eternal rest
dim With the Spirits of the blest.

- 2 *p* Through death's valley, dim and dark,
Jesus guide thee in the gloom,
Show thee where His foot-prints mark,
Tracks of glory through the tomb.
Grant *him*, &c.
- 3 Angels bear thee to the land
Where the towers of Sion rise,
Safely lead thee by the hand
To the fields of Paradise.
Grant *him*, &c.
- 4 White-robed at the golden gate
Of the New Jerusalem,
May the host of martyrs wait,
Give thee part and lot with them.
Grant *him*, &c.
- 5 Choirs of Angels over us,
Bear Christ's weak and trembling lamb,
Give thee peace with Lazarus
In the breast of Abraham.
Grant *him*, &c.
- 6 Rest in peace : the gates of Hell,
Touch thee not till He shall come
For the souls He loves so well,
Dear Lord of the Heavenly Home.
Grant *him*, &c.
- 7 Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Clay we give to kindred clay ;
In the sure and certain trust
Of the Resurrection Day.
Grant *him*, &c.

- 8 Christ the Sower sows thee here :
cres When the early day shall dawn,
 He will gather in the ear,
 On the Resurrection Morn.
p Grant *him*, Lord, eternal rest,
 With the Spirits of the blest. Amen.
130. "So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Ps.
 cvii, 30.
 P.M. REV. S. BARING-GOULD.
- 1 *mf* ON the resurrection morning
 Soul and Body meet again,
 No more sorrow, no more weeping,
p No more pain.
- 2 Here awhile they must be parted,
 And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
 Waiting in a holy stillness,
p Fast asleep.
- 3 For a space the tired body,
 Lies with feet towards the dawn ;
cres Till there breaks the last, and brightest
 Easter morn.
- 4 *mf* But the soul, in contemplation,
 Utters earnest prayer and strong,
 Bursting at the resurrection
 Into song.
- 5 Soul and body re-united,
 Henceforth nothing shall divide,
 Waking up in Christ's own likeness
 Satisfied.

6 *cres* O, the beauty ! O, the gladness !
 Of that resurrection day,
 Which shall not through endless ages
 Pass away.

7 *f* On that happy Easter morning,
 All the graves their dead restore,
 Father, brother, child and mother
 Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings,
 Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last !
dim To Thy Cross through death and judgment
 Holding fast. Amen.

131. "*So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.*"—Ps.
 cvii. 30.

6s.8s.

TRS. DR. NEALE.

1 *p* SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provision short,
 And only not a wreck :—
pp But oh, the joy upon the shore
cres To tell our voyage perils o'er !

2 *f* The prize, the prize secure !
 The wrestler nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :—
pp But he may smile at troubles gone
res Who sets the victor garland on !

3 *f* No more the foe can harm !
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :—
pp And yet how nearly had he failed—
cres How nearly had that foe prevailed !

4 *mf* The lamb is in the fold,
 In perfect safety penned !
f The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end :—
pp But One came by with wounded Side,
cres And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 *f* The exile is at home !
 Oh nights and days of tears !
 Oh longings not to roam !
 Oh sins and doubts and fears !
 What matters now grief's darkest day,
dim When God has wiped all tears away ?
 Amen.

132. *So He giveth His beloved sleep.*—Ps. cxxvii, 2.
10s. E. M. HUSBAND.

1 *p* SLEEP on belov'd one, thro' the summers
 sweet,
 Sleep on ; the daisies blowing at thy feet ;
cres Thro' wintry blast and autumn's chilly rain,
dim Awake not until Jesus comes again.

2 *p* Nothing can harm thee, O thou blessèd dead,
f Loud though the storms beat o'er thy gentle
 head ;

* *p* In Jesu's keeping ne'er shall power of hell
 Snatch thee from Him who loveth thee so
 well.

3 "Until the day dawn," and "the shadows
flee ;"
Till from thy narrow bed He calleth thee ;
pp Sleep on in silence ! Oh, thou sacred dust,
cres Waiting the Resurrection of the Just.

4 *p* Sleep on, thou lov'd one, thro' the summers
sweet,
Sleep on, the flowerets waving at thy feet ;
dim Lone though our hearts feel, yet we would
not weep,
pp For so He giveth His beloved sleep. Amen.

133. "*Ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope.*"—
1 THESS. iv, 13.

P.M.

BISHOP HEBER.

1 *p* **T**HOU art gone to the grave ; but we will
not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb ;

cres Thy Saviour has passed through its portal
before thee,
And the lamp of His Love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 *p* Thou art gone to the grave : we no longer
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world
by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may die for the Sinless has
died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave : and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd
 long ;
cres But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy
 waking,
 And the sound which thou heardest was the
 Seraphim's song.
- 4 *p* Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
 and guide ;
cres He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
 restore thee ;
f And death hath no sting, *p* for the Saviour
 has died. Amen.

Saints' Days.

134. "*We must through much tribulation enter into the
 Kingdom of God.*"—ACTS xiv. 22.

P.M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 *f* **H** EAD of the Church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore Thee ;
 Till Thou appear, Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory :
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With bless'd anticipation,
cres And cry aloud, and give to God
f The praise of our salvation.

- 2 *mf* While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise in grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher :
f We clap our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour :
The love divine, that made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation :
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation ;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The world despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us :
And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's Right Hand,
To call us up to Heaven. Amen.

135. "*Behold, the Angels of God ascending and descending.*"
—GENESIS xxviii, 12.

D.C.M.

SEARS.

- 1 *mf* IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :

- p* Peace on earth, good will to men
cres From Heaven's all gracious King :—
The world in solemn stillness lay
p To hear the Angels sing.
- 2 *mf* Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;
And still their Heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly pains
cres They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
p The blessed Angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow :
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.
- 4 *mf* For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
cres When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
f When the new Heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
ff And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing. Amen.

Titania.

136.

REV. E. MUNRO.

The Story of the Cross. The Question.

mf IN His own raiment clad—
 With His Blood dyed ;
 Women walk sorrowing
p By His side.
cres Heavy that Cross to Him,
 Weary the weight—
 One who will help Him waits
 At the gate.
mf See ! they are travelling
 On the same road—
 Simon is sharing with
 Him the load.
cres Oh, whither wandering
 Bear they that tree ?
f He Who first carries it—
 Who is He ?

PART II.

The Answer.

p FOLLOW to Calvary—
 Tread where He trod—
cres He Who for ever was
 SON OF GOD.

mf You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His Face ;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

p As the swift moments fly
Through the Blest Week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.

mp Is there no beauty to
" You who pass by "
In that lone Figure which
Marks the sky ?

PART III.

The Story of the Cross.

mp ON the Cross lifted up—
Thy Face we scan—
Bearing that Cross for us,
Son of Man.

p Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne—
cres For us Thy Blood is shed—
Us alone.

mf No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy Head—

p Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.

pp Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the spear ;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

mp Shadows of midnight fall,
 Though it is day—
 Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
 Far away.

mf Loud is Thy bitter cry ;
 Sunk on Thy Breast
pp Hangeth Thy bleeding Head
 Without rest.

mf Loud scoffs the dying thief,
 Who mocks at Thee—
 Can it, my SAVIOUR, be
 All for me ?

mp Gazing afar from Thee,
 Silent and lone,
 Stand those few weepers, Thou
 Callest Thine own.

mf I see Thy Title, LORD,
 Inscribed above—
f "JESUS of Nazareth,"
 King of Love !

p What, O my SAVIOUR !
 Here didst Thou see,
cres Which made Thee suffer and
 Die for me ?

PART IV.

The Appeal from the Cross.

p CHILD of my grief and pain—
 Watched by My love—
 I came to call thee to
 Realms above.

mf I saw thee wandering
 Far off from Me ;
p In love I seek for thee—
 Do not flee.
mp For thee My Blood I shed—
 For thee alone :
cres I came to purchase thee—
 For Mine own.
mf Weep not for *My* grief,
 Child of *My* love—
cres Strive to be with Me in
 Heaven above.

PART V.

Our cry to Jesus.

f OH, I will follow Thee,
 Star of my Soul,
 Thro' the deep shades of life
 To the goal.
f Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
 Each day by me—
cres Mind not how heavy, if
 But with Thee.
mf LORD, if Thou only wilt
 Make us Thine Own,
 Give no companion, save
 Thee alone.
f Grant us each day of life
 To stand by Thee ;
cr. erall With Thee, when morning breaks,
f Ever to be. *pp* Amen.

The Words on the Cross.

137. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE xxiii, 34.

7.7.7.6.

REV. T. POLLOCK.

1 *p*

JESU, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy Life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2

Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3

Oh ! may we, who mercy need,
Belike Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."—ST. LUKE xxiii, 43.

1

JESU, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2

May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3

Oh ! remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine ;
Cheer our souls with hope divine :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

"Woman, behold Thy Son." "Behold Thy Mother."—ST. JOHN xix, 26, 27.

- 1 **J**ESU, loving to the end
 Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
 And Thy dearest human friend :
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
 And for Thee all peril dare,
 And enjoy Thy tender care :
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
 All one holy family,
 Loving for the love of Thee :
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART IV.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me."—**MATT.**
xxvii. 46.

- 1 JESU, whelm'd in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from Heaven is shown :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART V.

"I thirst."—ST. JOHN xix. 28.

- 1 JESU, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy Life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Thirst for us in mercy still ;
All Thy Holy work fulfil—
Satisfy Thy loving Will :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 May we thirst Thy love to know ;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VI.

"It is finished."—ST. JOHN xix, 30.

- 1 JESU,—all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's Will obeyed,—
By Thy sufferings perfect made :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VII.

"*Father into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit.*"—ST. LUKE
xxiii, 46.

1 **J**ESU,—all Thy labour vast,
 All Thy woe and conflict past,—
 Yielding up Thy soul at last :
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 When the death shades round us lower,
 Guard us from the tempter's power,
 Keep us in that trial hour :
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 May Thy life and death supply
 Grace to live and grace to die,
 Grace to reach the Home on High :
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.
 Amen.

138.

(To be sung before the Litany.)

O Most merciful !
 O most bountiful !
 God the Father Almighty !
 By the Redeemer's
 Sweet intercession,
 Hear us, help us, when we cry !]

Christmas Carol.

139. "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy."—ST. LUKE
ii, 10.

P.M.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE.

1 *f* **O**N the wings of the wind fell a hymn from
 the sky,
 That hangs over Bethlehem's hill,
In the still hour of midnight the voices draw
 nigh,

f The Altars with harmony thrill ;
They float o'er Jerusalem, holy abode ;
dim Imperial City, *p* the Temple of God.

2 *f* All the sky of the South is ablaze with the
 light,
 Swells Heaven's high anthem divine,
For Messiah is born in the arms of the night,
 And Angels are guarding His Shrine.
p In Bethlehem's hut lies the Monarch of all,
And low lies His Head 'mid the beasts of the
 stall.

3 *pp* In the folds of the upland the hymn dies
 away ;
 Night draws her dark veil o'er the sky ;
In her majesty rising with orient ray
 The Star of the East passes by—
She passes Jerusalem, joy of the earth,
Her vigil to keep o'er the Babe at His Birth.

4 *ff* He is come, O Jerusalem, Vision of Peace,
 The mystical off'rings are there ;
But 'tis Thine in that hour when Thy travail
 shall cease
 To know the deep meaning they bear—
The Crown of the God-head Almighty to save,
The death which by death hath defeated the
 grave. Alleluia ! Amen.

INDEX.

				HYMN.
Go bury thy sorrow	Anon	59
Go when the morning shineth	Simpson	81
Golden harps are sounding	Havergal	24
Hail, Jesus, hail	Faber	100
Hail the sign	Baring-Gould	123
He is gone	Stanley	25
Head of the Church	Wesley	134
Heal us Immanuel	Cowper	101
Here, O my Lord	Bonar	102
Holy Ghost	Faber	26
Holy Offerings	Monsell	116
Hushed was the Evening Hymn				107
I am trusting Thee	Havergal	32
I have a Saviour	S.O'.M.C.	60
I hear Thy welcome voice				61
I lay my sins on Jesus	Bonar	8
I loved the beauty of the earth	Caswell	62
I'm but a stranger	Taylor...	33
I'm kneeling at the threshold	Alexander	63
I met the Good Shepherd				64
I must have Jesus only	Husband	65
In evil long	Newton	66
In His own raiment clad	Munro...	136
In the hour of trial	Montgomery	9
I see the crowd	Bonar	14
It came upon the midnight	Sears	135
I think when I read	Luke	108
I thought upon my sins	Bonar	67
I want to be like Jesus	Whittemore	109
I was wandering	Faber	68
I worship Thee sweet will	Faber	34
Jesus, and shall it ever be	Grigg	69
Jesu, in Thy dying woes	Pollock	137
Jesus, I will trust Thee	Walker	70
Jesus, Name of Sweetness	Father Ignatius	35
Jesus, Saviour, Son of God	Bonar	71
Jesu, speak to me in love	Body	72
Jesu, these eyes	Ray Palmer	86
Jesu, Thou hast willed it	Jenner...	124
Jesus, Thy Blood	Wesley...	87

INDEX.

				HYMN.
Jesus, Word of God			<i>Cooke</i> ...	108
Knocking, knocking			<i>Stowe</i> ...	73
Lay down thy burden			<i>Bonar</i> ...	74
Long did I toil			<i>Lyte</i> ...	88
Lord, I hear of showers			<i>Codner</i> ...	75
Lord, speak to me			<i>Havergal</i> ...	112
Mourner, wheresoe're			<i>Crosby</i> ...	76
My God, is any hour			<i>Elliott</i> ...	1
No not despairingly			<i>Bonar</i> ...	77
Not what these hands			<i>Bonar</i> ...	78
Not worthy Lord			<i>Bickersteth</i> ...	104
Not now my child			<i>Pennefather</i> ...	118
Now are the days			<i>Faber</i> ...	10
O for the peace			<i>Crowdson</i> ...	40
O for the robes			<i>Smith</i> ...	89
Oh, come to the merciful			<i>Faber</i> ...	80
Oh, have you not heard				88
Oh, to be over yonder			<i>Armstrong</i> ...	82
Oh, what are the wages			<i>Faber</i> ...	84
O most merciful				138
One sweetly solemn			<i>Carey</i> ...	4
One there is above all				41
On the Resurrection			<i>Baring-Gould</i> ...	130
On the wings of the wind			<i>Moultrie</i> ...	139
Only for His dear sake			<i>Husband</i> ...	114
On our way				125
O the bitter shame			<i>Monod</i> ...	79
O Thou, the contrite			<i>Elliott</i> ...	11
O what is this splendour			<i>Faber</i> ...	81
Out in the dew			<i>Bonar</i> ..	85
Our voices we raise			<i>Moultrie</i> ...	118
Over the beautiful Bethlehem			<i>Husband</i> ..	7
Peace, perfect peace			<i>Bickersteth</i> ...	5
Praise, praise ye the Name			<i>American</i> ...	86
Precious, precious Blood			<i>Havergal</i> ...	87
Rejoice all ye believers			<i>H.L.L.</i> ...	6

INDEX.

					HYMN.
Rest of the weary	<i>Monzell</i>	... 42
Safe home, safe home	<i>Neale</i> 131
Safe in the Arms	<i>Crosby</i> 88
Shall we gather at	<i>American</i> 89
Sleep on, beloved	<i>Husband</i> 182
Souls of men, why will ye	<i>Faber</i> 90
Sweet Blood, dear ransom	<i>Husband</i> 15
Sweetest Jesu, when we	<i>Anon</i> 105
Take my life	<i>Havergal</i> 111
Tell me the Old, Old	<i>Hankey</i> 91
The foe behind	<i>Neale</i> 21
The land beyond...	<i>Faber</i> 43
The sun is set	<i>Bickersteth</i> 106
There is a better world	<i>American</i> 92
There were ninety	<i>Clephane</i> 93
Thou art gone	<i>Heber</i> 133
There is sound of	<i>Moultrie</i> 126
There is a fountain	<i>Cowper</i> 44
There is an everlasting...	<i>Bridges</i> 16
Those eternal bowers	<i>Neale</i> 45
Thou knowest, Lord	<i>H.L.L.</i> 46
Thou didst leave	<i>Elliott</i> 94
Tossed with rough winds	<i>Charles</i> 47
Weary gleaner	<i>Bliss</i> 95
Weary souls that wander	<i>Wesley</i> 17
We come to Thee	<i>Faber</i> 96
Weeping as they go	<i>Raymond</i> 18
Welcome happy	<i>Ellerton</i> 22
We march, we march	<i>Moultrie</i> 127
We speak of the realms	<i>Mills</i> 110
We would see Jesus	<i>American</i> 48
What means this	<i>Campbell</i> 97
When with care	<i>Carey</i> 115
Why should I fear	<i>Newton</i> 49
Why those fears	<i>Kelly</i> 50
Yet there is room	<i>Bonar</i> 98





